

The Aldine

VOL. VII.

THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

No. 23.



OUR TREASURES.—HENRY WOODS.

THE ALDINE.—Vol. VII.

January, 1874, to December, 1875.

THE ALDINE COMPANY, Publishers.

JAMES SUTTON, President.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1875.

FOUR WORDS.

BELOVED, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden-days,
Could never match the simple phrase—
Sweetheart, I love you!

If I should say the world were blank
Without your face,—if I should call
The stars to witness, rank on rank,
That I am true, although they fall,
'Twould mean but this—and this means all,—
Sweetheart, I love you!

And so, whatever change is wrought
By time or fate, delight or dole,
One single happy, helpful thought,
Makes strong and calm my steady soul,
And these sweet words contain the whole—
Sweetheart, I love you!

I will not wrong their truth, to-day,
By wild impassioned vows of faith;
Since all that volumes could convey,
Is compassed thus in half a breath,
Which holds and hallows life and death—
Sweetheart, I love you!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

THE VENERABLE MR. CHRISTOFFEL'S DREAM.

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep!—HENRY VAUGHAN.

It is pleasant, in the soft pensive light of early evening, to sit thinking of those we hold in earnest and affectionate remembrance.

We are thus enabled to draw into holy communion with ourselves, dear friends, separated from us perhaps by mountain or ocean barriers, or by the grand and final barrier of death.

And there is a gentle charity pervading these twilight reveries, that makes us recall, sadly, yet not unkindly, even the astray: their imperfections vanish into the darkness like birds of night, while their virtues glide before us on white wings.

But possibly the especial charm of such a dreamy hour, is the hope that, wheresoever they are, they of whom we think, think also of us.

The venerable Mr. Christoffel sat in his easy chair in his study. It was toward the close of a quiet, balmy day in June.

He had been reading the poem containing the words already quoted; and the sweet old bard's peerless, priceless song of death had set him a-dreaming—with that peaceful sadness, so mournful and yet so tender—of "precious friends hid in death's dateless night."

He had passed an hour or two in such thoughtfulness.

Or, at least, he had been thinking so long of those gone into the shadows, and clouds, and forgetfulness of by-gone years, that he felt as if he, too, were a shade, drifting into an uncertain realm.

Without, a faint dimness was beginning to fill the atmosphere, as the sun slowly descended behind the mountains; and the pulsations of the river could be heard indistinctly.

In through the open windows, wafted on their way by undulating curtains of silk, came the commingled odors of roses and newly mown grasses.

On the low bough of an elm a robin was perched; and sang sweetly to himself and to Mr. Christoffel.

It was his curfew melody; and it was, therefore, very tremulous and full of praise.

Other sounds came also to the ears of the fine old gentleman, all mellowed by distance, such as the voices of youths and maidens disporting merrily on the water—the crowing of the barn-yard sultan, and the barking of the farm-house guardian—the music of Lillian, who was playing softly on some stringed instrument in the further wing of the villa, and singing an ancient ballad.

All these half-audible vocal utterances, owing to

their very vagueness, formed a delicate symphony, which accorded closely with the dreamings of Mr. Christoffel.

He and the world were at perfect peace that afternoon. Even the busts of Pallas and the great statesman above the book-case frowned, he thought, less severely than usual—with less suggestion of endeavor. Even the volumes on the shelves appeared to crowd against one another, as if they did not wish to be taken down.

Even the cowed old monk, in the picture on the wall, seemed to retire within his dark background, not caring to attract attention by so much as a look.

It is trite to trace the resemblance between sleep and death; and yet, to trace that resemblance is easy.

It was but a moment ago, and we were awake; it is but a moment more, and we stand "upon the golden threshold of the gate of dreams!"

Again, it was but a moment ago, and some dear loved one was alive; alas, it is but a moment more, and that loved one has passed forever through death's dark and mystic portals!

The venerable Mr. Christoffel scarcely realized when the change took place, but fell in a minute from retrospective wakefulness to visionary slumber. The last impression he noticed before falling asleep, was the reflection of himself in the heavy plate-glass of a book-case door.

He was mirrored therein in his easy chair, his elbow on its arm, his head resting on his hand; his complexion tawny, as if through travel in various climates; his hair white, as if from premature frost.

He was withal a sad and weird-looking old man. Bereavement by death, not years, had covered his brow with the silvery crown of age and shadowed his countenance.

It was this which had lessened his treasures one by one, until only his Lillian remained. Lillian! The image of her fair and sainted mother!

In such a dim reflector as Mr. Christoffel saw himself in, one sometimes catches a conception of one's self, which has not been caught before.

If he be handsome, he will see some unsupported grace of outline, some round effect of light and shade; if evil, a dangerous gleam from the eye, the very sight whereof makes him tremble; if good, a pure and pleasant expression of the face that encourages to higher and better effort; if he be old, ah, he will appear very old in such a dim reflector!

So Mr. Christoffel slept, and in the gathering twilight of that antiquated library, the marble faces of Pallas and the great statesman above him relaxed in severity and smiled; while a bronze nymph in the corner, assumed an attitude of erect, unshrinking vigilance.

In his dream, bright and exquisite beings swept swiftly around him.

Their breathings were like the breaths of spring: the wavings of their wings like those of bloom-laden boughs.

Mr. Christoffel looked calmly at them, and they looked serenely at him.

They were all there—all who had gone from him "into a world of light."

"He saw them walking in an air of glory!"

He realized now, how from corporeal decay and corruption arise spiritual perfection and immortality—how all that is lovable, lovely, and good in life, increased tenfold, continues after death.

He knew them every one.

First of all, there were his reverend parents, with locks of snow, yet having the youth of everlasting life.

Old man though he was, and stately, he would fain have rested his weary head where it had so often nestled in the days of childhood; but with fathomless looks of love they motioned him from them.

Next his glance fell upon the mother of Lillian, slender and delicate, with curling locks of fleecy gold.

She, too, existed, as when at her fairest in mortal life, but with the same marvelous light of everlasting life, which made even those of old so radiant, upon her face.

Mr. Christoffel stretched forth his trembling arms, and murmured "Lillian!"

Still, as before, the loved one drew back—not in sorrow, not in anger, but in the gentle grandeur of deathless love.

Oh, no! They who are of the earth, are still of the earth, and can not expect the caress of a heavenly hand—that is put out to them on the other

shore, when all that appertains to a lower sphere is merged into a higher.

As Mr. Christoffel's eye again passed over the circle, it rested upon a brother said to have gone down forever on a vessel in mid-ocean—upon a brother who had been wild, dark of mien, of uncertain character, yet whose heart, though capricious, had been tender.

And, somehow—why, he could not tell—Mr. Christoffel felt as if in all the group none had such a look of "high humility," or gave an idea of being more truly loved, than this dear brother.

Surely the good angels love those whom they have saved!

Next, Mr. Christoffel remembered and beheld his little children—those innocent blossoms, that like flowers, as it were, had perfumed a summer morn, and then like flowers had faded away.

To these, also, he extended his arms; and lo, they came nearer to him than any of the others had come, and gazed with dewy freshness into his countenance!

Pure, sinless children, lost early in death, ye knew not this world, ye were not of it, therefore did ye return to heaven whence ye came!

So in his dream Mr. Christoffel knew his departed dear ones, and they knew him, and looked into his soul with eyes of holy love, but touched not his form, which was of this earth.

So even in his dream he felt comforted, and thought that all was well, and as it should be.

Soon an opalescent glow filled the vision; and gradually, accompanied by fine strains of music, it melted into air.

Whereupon the dreamer awoke, and there was Lillian, singing her ancient ballad, and with a lamp in her hand. She had come to call her father to supper.

Thus nearly and yet distantly do physical and spiritual things adjoin and blend.

"Dear papa," said Lillian, as she placed the lamp on a stand, and then poised herself deftly upon her father's knee, throwing her arms about his neck and kissing him; "have you been asleep, and did I wake you from your nap?"

Mr. Christoffel circled his daughter tenderly with his arm, but did not speak.

Without waiting for an answer, the maiden continued, with voluble grace:

"And there has been a little shower—such a lovely little shower—and the air is so cool and delightful; and oh, papa," (brightening with the secret she could not contain,) "I have picked a bowl of strawberries for tea! Just think of that, papa, strawberries fresh from the vines; not Southern ones, sour and stale, but ripe ones, red and beautiful, and the middle of June not come yet! Do let us hasten to supper, papa!"

So the venerable Mr. Christoffel arose, and holding the white hand of his slender and charming Lillian, went from the room, giving it a lingering look as he did so, and clasping still more tightly that little hand.

But because of some subtle reason he did not feel altogether alone nor completely bereft; nevertheless he did not tell Lillian about the sacred company that like a benediction had come and gone.

—Edward Olin Weeks.

THE STORY OF AN UMBRELLA.

I AM only an old cotton umbrella, and yet I too have my story to tell to the world.

During the greater part of the winter of 1871, I had remained unused and unnoticed in a corner of the hall of a large house on the St. John's River, in Florida. What a pleasant old house it was, with its broad piazzas shaded by orange-trees; its sunny and its shady nooks; the avenue of myrtles leading down to the beautiful river that flashed and sparkled in the sunshine, while old oaks hung with waving moss grew upon the banks. Everywhere light, warmth, and color. It was a house where one could idle away happy days; where life-long friendships could be formed; a house, which, as years passed on, became haunted by associations, those ghosts of memory, some bright as the sunshine itself, aye, and others "tender with the grace of a day that is dead."

In the particular winter of which I speak, there had been days of such continued sunshine that only those absurd things called parasols had been required. They belong, of course, to our own ancient family; but I am old-fashioned, and not easily reconciled to the changes in the present generation. The effects of long disuse had begun to tell upon my

frame, for occasional rain is really necessary to the well-being of an umbrella; and also being designed by art to be the companion of man, I naturally felt my isolated position. However, the house was well filled with boarders; and from my corner I could watch the people as they passed and repassed through the hall on their way to the dining-room, or to meet the arrival of the various steamboats. One among them all especially interested me. Helen Leigh was a girl perhaps of twenty-three years of age; rather tall and slight, with golden hair, and gray eyes veiled by long dark lashes. Her delicately moulded features expressed both pride and reserve; and yet I could see at times when she stood by the window and gazed dreamily out upon the river, as if her thoughts were very far away, such a weary look in her eyes, as if she waited and suffered. She came every winter, with an aunt, I believe, but seemed to be very much alone: whether from choice or necessity, I could not tell. "That girl has a story," I said to myself at once; for I remembered that my grandfather, who had had a long experience of the ways of mankind, had told me that men and women had stories in their lives, and very interesting ones, too, sometimes. But at the same moment when I decided that there was a story, I also thought that it must ever remain a mystery to me.

One morning in March, just as the whistle of the daily steamboat blew, the quick patter of rain-drops was heard; and I thought that some one would certainly catch me up on their way to the boat. Alas! the boat came and went, and the shower passed off, leaving me still in my solitary corner. Two or three persons had arrived, and the morning's excitement was over.

In the afternoon, Miss Leigh appeared in the hall, with her hat, and a shawl thrown over her arm, where she was joined by a tall, fine-looking man, evidently one of the late arrivals.

"There may possibly be another shower before we return," she said. "Shall we take an umbrella?"

"By all means," was the answer. "I will get one."

"That is not necessary; there is an old umbrella behind the door; we can take that, for it belongs to the house."

As she said this, the gentleman put me under his arm, and they walked down to the wharf. After unfastening a rowboat, he arranged the cushions and placed Miss Leigh comfortably in the stern, laid me beside her, then took his seat and began to row toward a creek not very far distant.

"I hope that you will admire our river, Mr. Graham," said Miss Leigh, at length, in her cold, quiet voice.

"Your river," he replied. "Yes, it is beautiful; but I was not thinking of it just then. My thoughts went back to the time when we were last in a rowboat together. Five years ago! Do you remember?"

"Certainly; on the Lake of Lucerne, at sunset."

"Did you think on that afternoon that so long a time would elapse before we should meet again?" he asked.

"Yes; and perhaps even longer," was the calm answer.

"Helen!" exclaimed Mr. Graham, while an expression of passionate pain crossed his face, "I fear that my coming to America has been indeed useless. Yet I could not rest without knowing whether your pride, which was too great to allow of your demanding an explanation at a time when by doing so you would have spared one of us, at least, many years of suffering, was still too great to hear the explanation, even at this late hour, of what must have seemed to you then such a cruel mystery."

"It is indeed late to offer to solve the problem now," replied Miss Leigh; and I saw that she was very pale and trembled violently.

"It has been impossible to do so until now," said Mr. Graham, simply. "Two months ago, I was summoned by a telegram to the death-bed of Edward Foster, at Paris; and there I learned, for the first time, the means that had been used to separate us. Living, I never could have forgiven him; but in the presence of death one can do much, and his remorse was terrible to witness. He told me," continued Mr. Graham, "that one evening, while sitting at his window, which was directly over one of the balconies at the hotel, he had overheard a portion of my conversation with your old friend, Mildred Williams, who, you remember, left Lucerne just two days before our last row upon the lake. That conversation, which related entirely to her own affairs, he had partly misunderstood, and repeated to you, willfully misrepresenting it in such a way as to convey the impression to your mind of the greatest treachery on my part; and at the same time he rendered it quite impossible for you to know the real truth without asking me directly for an explanation. And that, ah, Helen! he well knew your fatal pride would never permit you to do. And this he did, with the hope of winning you for himself at some future day."

"But that he could not do," said the girl, in an agitated voice.

"No," returned Mr. Graham; "he told me of his failure, just one year after he had succeeded in separating us. Then, in the extent of his own sorrow, for he really loved you in his way, he first realized what he had done, but did not have the moral courage to atone for his fault. Now, Helen, you know all. For the sake of my own honor, if for no other reason, I felt bound to seek you and offer this explanation. One word from you at that time, and we should not have parted on the Lake of Lucerne, that afternoon—you so coldly, I so utterly bewildered, half-mad with doubt and sorrow."

"I see it all, now," she said, covering her face with her hands; "but do you not believe that I, too, have suffered?"

Here they both started, aroused from their absorbing conversation by a peal of thunder, while great drops fell from the sky, whose black and threatening looks had remained entirely unnoticed.

"Row toward the shore, and among the reeds on the other side of that next point, we may perhaps find some shelter," said Miss Leigh, as she quickly raised me over her head.

The boat was soon behind the little point of land, but could not approach the shore near enough for the trees to afford any protection from the storm which had burst upon us with such sudden violence. The rain was blinding, and the lightning repeated at quick intervals.

"Mr. Graham," exclaimed Helen, "do come under the shelter of this umbrella. It is fortunately very large; indeed you must not remain where you are."

"The rain is a matter of slight consequence," said Mr. Graham, "and I can not come to your side, Helen, when only kindness induces you to ask me."

"Harry, come to me!" she cried. And oh! what infinite love and longing were contained in those words.

He was beside her instantly. Aye, they were together then and forevermore. What mattered then the storm?—the rain fell unheeded. For the five weary years of loneliness, they lay already far behind them. The present alone occupied their thoughts.

"Can you forgive me all that I have made you suffer?" asked Helen, after a happy silence. "I do not deserve such happiness; but indeed life has been very bitter to me, also." And she raised her beautiful eyes shining through tears, to his face, to meet there a look of such unchangeable love, that she knew there was no need of further words. In the depth of that abiding love was all forgiven—every doubt dispelled, and henceforth they felt that they were one for time and for eternity.

The rain had now ceased, and the black clouds had disappeared. Mr. Graham placed me carefully in the bottom of the boat to dry, and said gayly: "We should certainly have found each other, Helen, but perhaps not quite so soon without the friendly aid of this umbrella! We ought to be very grateful for the share it has had in this happy afternoon."

She assented with a bright smile, but I could see that I was far from her thoughts at that moment.

He then rowed a little farther on, to the mouth of the creek, and allowed the boat to drift among the lily-pads, while they watched the sun set, all the more brilliant after the recent storm. The scene was one of exquisite loveliness, but the lateness of the hour forced them to turn homeward. The water was perfectly calm, reflecting the glories of the sunset, until far out into the river it glowed with a crimson light. The western sky was burning with a deep golden color, in which appeared gray and crimson clouds, and here and there long streaks of a rare pale green. On the opposite side of the river one could fairly gaze into the soft blue heavens, across which white fleecy clouds, just tinged with rose, like happy thoughts, were flitting. On the shore near which we rowed, were live-oaks fringed with waving moss; the tall lovely pines, and the dark magnolia leaves mingled with the fresh tender shades of living green; while growing by the water's edge were the venerable cypresses, hoary with age, yet crowned with spring's eternal youth.

"How beautiful this river is," said Mr. Graham. "I do not wonder, Helen, that you are fond of it."

"And yet," she replied, with such a far-away look in her eyes, "strange as it may seem, I have never fully comprehended it until now. Hitherto its beauty has only served to form the minor chords in the running accompaniment of my life. To-day, I hold the key to it all; and nature herself, in richest tones, swells the harmony of two lives complete at length in one."

By this time the boat had almost reached the wharf. The sunset had given place to twilight, and the quiet stars were beginning to shine in the deep blue of the southern sky. The warm air was sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms, and the stillness was only broken by the hum of insects and the tinkling of a distant cow-bell. Mr. Graham assisted Helen to step up on the wharf; and after securing the boat, he once more took me under his arm, and they walked slowly toward the house. The piazza was deserted. They lingered for a moment before entering the door, unwilling to leave their paradise; then Mr. Graham placed me again in my old corner, and they disappeared within the dining-room.

I had had my day, and the story was told.

—A. B. Neilson.

"OUR TREASURES."

OUR treasures!—truly so: no other name
Could tell their value to the yearning heart,
So far above all gems with light aflame,
All handiwork of highest human art.
Our treasures!—by no freak of fortune given,
Nor won by wasting toil in field or mine,
But richest boons vouchsafed by bounteous heaven,
And bearing thus an impress all divine.

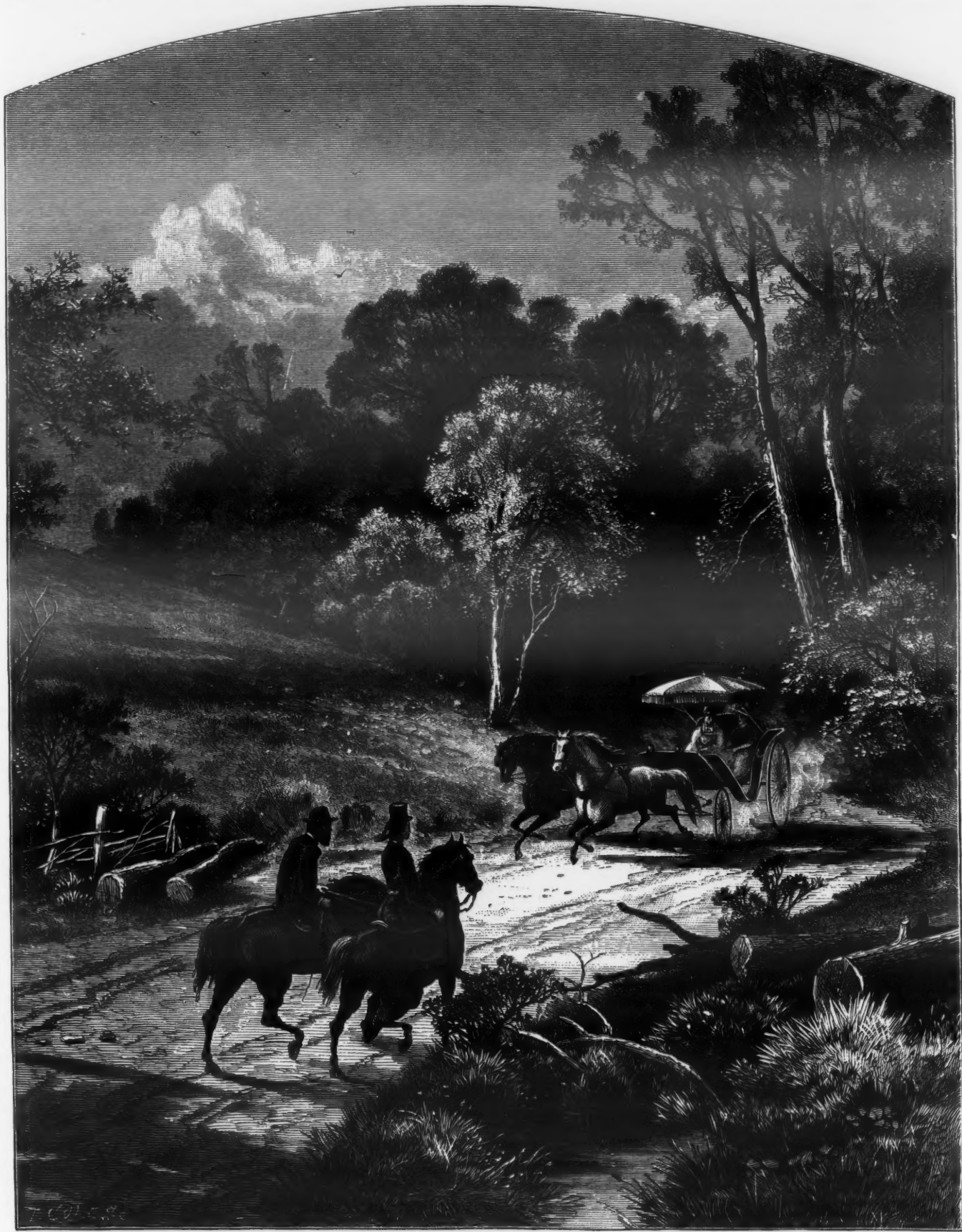
What wealth of gold or gems could loss repay
Of one such treasure, should the death-bolt fall
And heaven, the giver, choose to take away
What well it claims, as having furnished all!
Ah, who shall say what long and abject grief
Would rack the losers, this sad kinship shown
With dying seasons and the fallen leaf,
O'er which our nature makes so sad a moan?

But see!—"a wheel within a wheel" may move,
As olden proverbs have it; for to them—
Our treasures—our anxious and parental love
Has given other treasures—nugget, gem,
Cheap-purchased, but of value all untold,
When young eyes see and youthful fingers clasp,
And all those toys, so worthless to the old,
Are hugged and fondled in the baby grasp.

God give us thankful hearts for good achieved!—
For lovely households, sweet-faced girls and boys,
And even for other blessings oft received,
Down to the minor wealth of children's toys!
So shall we learn the lesson of the years,
And do His work, where'er our lot is cast,
Enjoying life, escaping bitterest tears,
And coming to the treasure-house at last.
—John Hay Furness.

"JOHN H. SMITH AND BRIDE."

It is no matter at which of the Albany hotels I was spending a night and morning, preparatory to a sail down the Hudson on the *Daniel Vibbard* of the day line. Call it the Delavix, as good a name as the original really possesses. I was in quest of my bill, half an hour before the leaving of the boat, in the morning; and pointing out to the clerk the name, on the register, I happened upon an entry not long after my own, of the previous evening, eminently suggestive, to say the least of it. In a fine, bold hand stood on that page the legend: "John H. Smith and Bride, Fort Edgar." "That couple—are they here yet?" I asked of the clerk. "Oh, that couple," he half-laughed in reply, "they may have started for the day boat, as they go down with it to New York, to-day." I paid my bill, in that instance, with much more than my usual celerity in such operations, and within five minutes was on my way down to the dock—for what would life be worth, in the event of my failing to sail with "John H. Smith and Bride?" I reached the *Vibbard* in time and safety. I sailed with her for the commercial metropolis. I eschewed all the pleasures and occupations of the day, to find the happy couple who thus dared to proclaim their new and perfect felicity to the world. I chanced upon four wrong new-married couples; for the *Vibbard* seemed to be half-monopolized by the callow in Benedictine life. And then I discovered the genuine originals, to have a new picture set in my mental gallery, which would go no more out forever.



THE GLEN, NEWPORT.—J. D. WOODWARD.

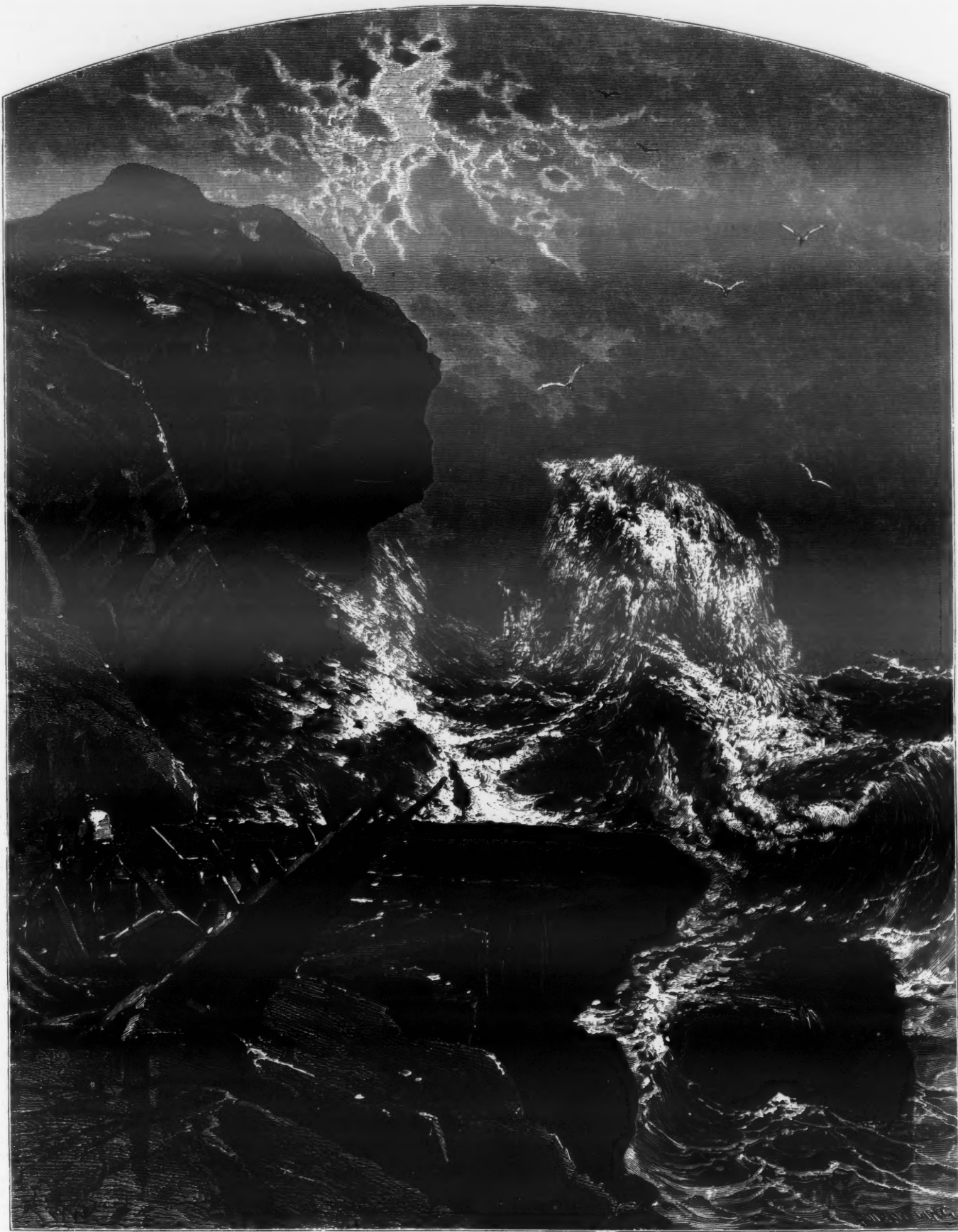
"John H. Smith" was two-and-twenty, and possibly weighed about one hundred and twenty pounds. "Bride" had measured some five-and-thirty years, and had an avoirdupois of approaching two hundred pounds, not to mention a promising mustache, which "Smith" had not, even incipiently. "Smith" seemed of about the calibre of a small shopkeeper; "Bride" might have been a landed proprietress in a small way, to judge by the amount of cheap jewelry loading her flounced, overskirted and pull-backed traveling costume. "Smith" was subduedly happy; "Bride" was overwhelmingly so. They snuggled away into a corner, and kept that corner all the way down, except when "Smith" descended for refreshments, which he afterward fed his darling in the mother-bird way. "Bride," while he was gone, fluttered uneasily and seemed bereaved, relapsing into beatific happiness when he returned. Which of the two, of that couple, formed the couch to the other,

most of the time, I can not state—they seemed to lie upon each other, alternately and miscellaneously. They cooed to each other, constantly and wonderfully. They ate candies, ruinously. They were the two happiest people I ever saw, in a somewhat long life. That is why I have taken the liberty of dealing with them. The world is *not* all a desert and a humbug. "John H. Smith and Bride" have found a Utopia still existing. May they never wander out of it! Long bloom the orange flowers, and flourish the bridal roses! I have said. — *John Thompson, Jr.*

THREE NEWPORT PICTURES.

IN spite of the claims to public favor, as summer sea-shore resorts, presented for many years by Cape May, and during the past few by Long Branch (with the attraction of the Presidential residence added), it can not be questioned that Newport maintains all

its old ascendancy as the most fashionable of the marine watering-places of America, and can not be rivaled by any other on the score of the wealth and fashion represented by its visitors. Whether this continued ascendancy (spite of the numerical standing of Long Branch as to visitors) is to be attributed to the fine old flavor imparted by the circular remain alternately called a Norse tower and a windmill, giving a certain air of the "castle," and thus imitating the Old World—or whether the vicinity of Fort Adams and the opportunity thus afforded the ladies of hop-ing and flirting with the military officers, has anything to do with this pleasant continuance in reputation—or whether the opportunity for elegant "cottage-life" afforded by the fine bluff is really the secret—or whether, after all, the aggregated beauty of the place, marine and inland, furnishes the solution of the problem—all this, probably, must for the time remain a moot point in society.



NEGRO HEAD, NEWPORT.—J. D. WOODWARD.

Meanwhile, Newport is unquestionably a beautiful residence, with very pleasant surroundings. There is a spice of antiquity—that is, antiquity for America—about the houses of the old town, very attractive to those who have snuffed the like aroma in the Old World and yet do not wish to make their homes abroad. The harbor is very fine, as a picturesque object, as well as in depth of water and commodiousness as a place of shelter for fleets and a sailing-ground for regattas. The rides over the "Island of Rhode Island," all the way from Newport to the place of junction with the main land, at the Stone Bridge House at the extreme northern end,—these are certainly very fine, with breezes attainable when there are any abroad on the continent, and with more of the Frenchy old windmills in sight at any one time than can be found elsewhere this side of the Pas de Calais, on the British Channel. The ride,

of course, is the afternoon one to Fort Adams, to exhibit costumes, see the officers, and hear the band play; even that to the bathing-beach is second to this exhibition. Then there are Paradise and Purgatory, two features at the east side of the island, very different in appearance, and yet equally popular as resorts, and accredited with having assisted in bringing about as many marriages as any other two places between Casco Bay and the capes of Virginia. Still other rides are those to the Glen, the Spouting Cave, Lily Pond, and many places that are nameless but duly appreciated; while the opportunities for boating excursions are literally innumerable—to West Island and Seconnet, some ten miles eastward and seaward, with perhaps the finest fishing on the whole coast; to the Dumpling Rocks and Fort Dumpling; to Fort Adams by water; and to many other points.

Probably nothing at Newport or in the neighbor-

hood is really so picturesque as the old fort with the culinary name, "Fort Dumpling," of which, in the present issue, Woodward has drawn so excellent a picture, and Cole has engraved it with a delicacy worthy of his rising reputation. Certainly no spot on the whole island is more dear to the hearts of lovers than "The Glen," the favorite ride at the shades of evening, of which we have also a fine picture, from the same pencil and the same burin. And the lovers of the sombre and the impressive may "travel far and tarry long away," before discovering any scene more intrinsically grand within the same space, than that presented by the sombre "Negro Head," fronting the open ocean, scourged by the winds and beaten by the waves, and presenting so grand a spectacle of rugged endurance—thanks again to the pencil of Woodward, but in this instance to the burin of Juengling.

THE MAKING OF A MOUTH.

A VERY poor portrait? Yes, I know:
Even the painter told me so,
When he hung it for me a week ago.

With a sense of impotence in art,
He said, "My hand has belied my heart:
My thought and feeling have wrought athwart.

"Only the look of the mouth and chin
Contents me any." So that be in,
Good Master Artist, the whole I win!

The careless comers may take the rest:
The bonny brown eyes may please them best,
Or the broad brow's look of tranquil rest.

These to them; but the mouth to me:
To those dear lips' secrets I hold the key;
I know how their curvings came to be.

The comers droop: that was long, dull pain;
But the blithe, brave spirit took heart again:
The line lost self—blessing wrought from bane.

Sunshiny smiles went in and out;
Frets and worries cast shade about;
Once came the dreary dark of doubt.

Dancing attendance on them all,
The quivering lips would rise and fall
To any spirit that chose to call.

If ever the mouth had ugly days,
'Twas in that time of unstable ways,
When it gave so lightly all yeas and nays.

But the care that came in that careless time—
Dull care, not sorrow: plain prose, not rhyme—
Set the ringing voice to a truer chime,

Though a graver, too; and the firm lips tell
Of a burden carried long and well.
They kept their counsel, whate'er befell,

And closed in patience, but not constraint:
In easy living may faith grow faint:
Living in earnest makes man a saint.

And the last lines? None so dear, so fair;
Surely the angel that waits on prayer
Wrought with a coal from the altar, there!

—Bertha Wythe.

A REFUSAL AND AN ACCEPTANCE.

In two pictures, opposite to each other, in the present number, we have also another kind of "opposition" not by any means calculated upon by the artists who executed them, but not the less instructive and amusing on that account. The first, "Not for Pluto," from the pencil of Hugo Erola, engraved by Brendamour, recalls to many of us the days when we were children, or when the children of others came under notice—in the decided disinclination of the curly-headed youngster of the female persuasion, at the table, to allow quadrupedal and canine Pluto (who is certainly ugly enough to be his own namesake and preside dismally over all the regions of the doomed) to help himself to a portion of the tempting berries placed upon her plate by parental hands. "Not for Pluto!" is in the present instance uttered somewhat differently from "Not for Joseph!" of the song and the popular saying—the one being a declination of the speaker as for himself, while the other is a refusal to share with another; but they both have the genuine ring of earnest mingled with merriment, and they both undoubtedly sprung from minds thoroughly conversant with the demands of the world as well as its temptations.

So much for the "refusal." The "acceptance," also engraved by Brendamour, from the facile pencil of Otto Erdmann, is very different in character, but tells equally well a domestic story of much more interest, "The Betrothal." As is known by most readers, betrothal, in many countries of the Old World, has something of the solemnity of a sacrament; and there are forms connected with it that can not under any pretense be omitted. It is necessary that one of the parents of the *fiancée* shall take her hand and place it in that of the male wooer—thus half anticipating the action of the priest in the coming marriage. This action is about being performed in the fine picture before us: the pleased mamma reaching out for the right hand of her fortunate daughter (fortunate, in that the lover seems young, handsome, amiable and well-to-do), while she already holds the corresponding member of the wooer, ready to place the other within it, with her blessing. The varied expression of faces in this picture is well

worth notice—the mother's pleased, though with a shade of wondering doubt in view of her daughter's hesitation; the daughter's downcast and thoughtful, while she half holds out the white hand to seal the irrevocable contract; and that of the lover all pleased and happy expectation, in the knowledge of having won the object of a (possibly) long pursuit and (let us suppose) of a constant and unwavering devotion. "The Betrothal" (in German, the vernacular of the land of true betrothals, "Das Jahwort"—"the yes-word") is a noble illustration of one of the most pleasing scenes in European continental life, and certainly one of the most momentous in its effect upon the future happiness of all who participate in it.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH:

A Historical and Centennial Romance of the Revolution.

FROM PERSONAL RELATIONS AND DOCUMENTS NEVER BEFORE MADE PUBLIC.

BY AN EX-PENSION-AGENT.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PERILS AND DELIGHTS OF AMBASSADORS.

FOR quite a moment, after interrupting the lady in her characterization of the author of the anonymous communications, Colonel George Vernon sat silent and evidently in deep thought. When he spoke again, it was to ask:

"I may assume, I think, madame, that you know this cabal to have two heads?"

"Three, colonel," was the concise reply.

"The third—may I ask your knowledge?"

"Certainly, as I am to make no half-statements. The two being, according to your estimation—which I may not doubt believe to be that of the commander-in-chief, whose confidence you hold—the two being, according to that estimation, General Lee and General Gates, the third is your late inspector, General Conway."

"Quite right, so far as you go, madame," said the Continental officer. "You can not be fully aware, however, how little dangerous General Conway really is, since the rumors of his action that have spread among the soldiers, making it doubtful whether his life would even be safe in their midst. In my friend—I may say in the friend of General Washington himself—Baron Steuben, too, they have at last seen a man in whose hands the post of inspector means something; and in the light of their new experience Conway has sunk even lower than he deserved. No, I think, madame, that we may drop Conway out of the estimate, not perhaps as having no will to disturb, but as having lost the power. Returning to Generals Lee and Gates: have you any data for measuring the comparative dangerousness of the two?"

Catharine Trafford imitated the past hesitation of Colonel Vernon, before she replied:

"Of that point, as you must be aware, colonel, I have only limited opportunities for judging. General Gates is more pushed by others than by himself; General Lee is his own warmest advocate. Each desires to hold the supreme command. Each has the disadvantage, before Congress and the country, of being a native Englishman. More successful men, probably, become so from the advancement forced upon them by their friends, than by their own exertions; consequently, in my weak woman's judgment, the chances for the Gates effort lasting longer and giving more trouble than the other, would seem the stronger."

"A 'weak woman's judgment,' allow me to say, madame, putting to shame the closest calculations of those who have called themselves men, and thought themselves powerful in the cabinet and the field!" was the enthusiastic reply of the officer, leaning partially across the little table, and fixing upon the speaker a regard so undisguised in its respectful admiration, that the subject of it may well be excused for having flushed yet again, and more hotly than before, with a pride and pleasure equally uncontrolled.

"In which flattering estimate, colonel," she said, her voice tremulous with feeling, "you do me the honor to attribute too much to the person, I fear, and too little to the opportunities. I have been so placed—"

In mid-speech she paused; the light of pride and self-gratulation died out from her face, and a cold, gray shade, almost like that of ashes, took its place

with the rapidity of a transformation. For one instant, while the eyes of her companion, reading more than she knew, dwelt upon her with a love and pity equal to her own shame, she struggled to command herself; then rose from the table, and walked rapidly up and down the apartment; her face buried in her hands, sobs shaking the whole magnificent frame, and tears struggling through the fingers that would at least have held them back from view. Two or three turns of this fierce rage of sorrow, as it may be called; and then that occurred upon which most certainly she had not calculated, but that upon which the veriest theatrical Messalina might well have depended, for breaking down the last barrier of reserve between herself and some half-won object of her wild passion. That which might have been deferred—that which indeed might never have had place in the record of physical events—came with this involuntary action of the proud woman who in the very momentary indulgence of her pride found the painful memory of a more than counterbalancing abasement.

For, remaining two or three minutes in pained silence, the Continental officer thereafter became wholly man, with all the pressure of the present and disregard of the future, belonging to that name and nature. He rose from his seat—stood, perhaps unseen by the tear-blinded eyes, as if doubtful what would be his duty and what permitted—and then, when the next turn of the agitated woman brought her near him, he advanced a step, threw his arm around that waist so tempting to the eye and so pliant to the touch, and drew the whole form to him as if he had been its possessor.

Photographic facilities were not, in those "times that tried men's souls" in more senses than the obvious one; the higher intelligences, looking down with unchecked eyes alike through distance and physical obstruction, have given us no picture of what they saw, when destinies were turning on the suggestive grouping of a moment; but, oh, what would it have been, to be able, to-day, to depict the Continental officer and the "lady of his love," in that first moment of recognition of the inevitable, when godlike face and form was matched by its counterpart, and two stood close who might each have challenged the world for a physical superior!

It may have been that that touch was not foreseen—that the tears, the inch-long lashes and the clasped fingers, hid away any preliminary motion capable of giving warning. Or, the brown eyes may have seen and understood, even through their tears of shame, and both the physical and mental beings made such surrender that there was neither thought nor power of resistance. One thing is sure—that when the touch of the clasping arm was felt, the marvelous white hands did not immediately come down from Catharine Trafford's face—that they were even there when she submitted to the pressure which drew her close to the breast of Colonel George Vernon—when the queenly head of chestnut and gold, crowned with its diadem of nature's weaving, drooped over as if it indeed belonged to some magnificent flower that the dew of tears overweighted, until the lily stem of the neck bent and gave way, and the head lay unresisting on the broad breast offering it shelter.

"Am I forgiven for this liberty, madame?" the incarnate gentleman crushed down all other feelings, to ask, after one instant of silence.

"Forgiven—oh, more than forgiven. I thank you from my heart!" was the enrapturing reply, the hands withdrawn from the face, and one of them seeking the disengaged one of the officer; though the eyes still remained closed, with the tears gemming the long lashes and the cheeks still touched with the rain of sorrow so lately fallen.

Even great men are not superior to great temptations; perhaps the very strength of a strong nature makes the plunge more assured, when once the victim is within the radius of a certain vortex. No softer, sweeter red lips ever lay beneath the eyes of man, than those pouted up at that moment, with just a glimmer of the white pearly teeth instantaneously caught between, to show that sweet breath came and human words issued through those ruby portals. With a suddenness generally foreign to his nature, but with a decision in the pressure which showed that this time there would be no apology for the act when committed, the Continental officer bent down his face—not far, with so tall a companion—and pressed on those lips one long, passionate kiss, informing the whole of both beings, and establishing between the two an electric chain of communication

that could never again be quite broken while life lasted and memory endured. The next moment, with a sigh revealing the whole of her thus-far starved, long-rebellious, but now surrendering womanhood, Catharine Trafford was held close in both the strong arms, only one of which had before encircled her—her own arms around the neck of the officer, and meeting repeated kisses and low love-words that seemed to break like a previously restrained torrent from his lips, with answering kisses quite as ardent, and murmured utterances, telling her whole shamed but delighted secret of a passion born, nurtured and grown to overmastering proportions, within eight-and-forty hours!

Supreme moments are brief in duration, and well it is for humanity that they are so. Were they otherwise, human life would burn out, as certainly and as completely as any of those planets are believed to have done, coming too near the sun and thus perishing in the central heat. Only for the space during which one might have counted twenty, the two so strangely mated stood in that position; then, with a simultaneous movement they drew apart, the lady dropping her eyes in the natural and charming shame of her sex, and the Continental officer, quite as much agitated, drawing his hand across his brow with the air of one who should sweep away some mist temporarily clouding the vision. Catharine Trafford—possibly the first, after all, to regain comparative equanimity, motioned to her companion to resume his seat, herself taking her own the moment that he had done so, and compelling full composure with a shuddering shake of the magnificent shoulders, natural after a great chill or any strong emotion. She it was, too, who first recovered speech, disconnected with the late episode, though the struggle may have been a fierce one to hold the words under command.

"I am afraid that my last remark was not quite finished," she half-laughed, a blending of pathos and mischief seeming to flash out of the corners of her partially averted eyes. "Will you kindly tell me, colonel, what it was that I was saying—a while ago? It seems very long ago, now!"

"You had just finished, madame, your estimate of the comparative danger of Horatio Gates and Charles Lee, as aspirants for the baton of the commander-in-chief," was the reply, the voice scarcely governed so well as that of the lady. "And now that you are good enough to permit me to go on, I have to ask whether, General Lee's complicity in the New England papers being out of the calculation, you hold him equally innocent in the incendiary documents circulated among—among the soldiers of the patriot army?"

"Have they been so circulated, more than once, colonel, may I ask?"

"Only once, madame, to my knowledge; some ten days since."

"A simple hand-bill, was it not?"

"You describe it exactly, madame; a hand-bill, or broadside, some seven or eight inches square."

"Dwelling on the mistakes—or rather the blunders—of the late campaign in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and attributing the whole to the commander-in-chief? Especially naming Chadd's Ford as a grievous mistake, and Germantown as very near to a crime?"

"Quite so, madame. You describe the broadside so well, that it evidently must have fallen into your hands."

"It did so, colonel. It did more—it passed through my hands. I can tell you precisely how many went into the camp, or at least how many started with that destination in view. There were five-and-twenty; no more and no less. I burned the remaining four hundred and seventy-five, believing those quite enough for the effect which they really seem to have produced."

"You, madame!" There was surprise in Colonel Vernon's voice, and quite as much in his eyes.

"Yes, I, colonel."

"I am pained to question you further, madame; but how can I avoid doing so, in the face of your startling avowal? You know the origin of those hand-bills: had or had not Charles Lee anything to do with their printing or circulation?—I may say attempted circulation, as so few of them seem to have seen the light."

"Other than the fire-light, colonel; you forget!" again half-laughed the strange political confidante. "On my word of honor as a gentlewoman, neither General Charles Lee, or any other officer in the patriot service, to the best of my knowledge and belief,

had anything to do with the issue of those bills, or even saw them except as they may have done so after their dissemination."

"Need I say that you puzzle me exceedingly, madame?" Such were the words of the officer; and meanwhile, spite of himself, there was that emanating from his eyes, showing that she performed another operation upon him, that of delighting him in the very act of puzzling, to quite as eminent a degree.

"Do I so? Then, as woman is said to delight in being a riddle, and as mystery is power, you are again complimenting me, colonel. However, as time is passing and hours are limited, I must cut the knot, if there is indeed one. Perhaps I can give you the best proof of my assertion—"

"Pray believe that none is needed, after that assertion!" he interrupted, with feeling.

"Thank you very much, Colonel Vernon, for the assurance," she said, as she rose from her chair, stepped rapidly to a cupboard or small closet occupying one corner of the room, took keys from her pocket, unlocked, and produced thence a package of papers—no other than those received twenty-four hours before from the hands of Captain Anstruther. She brought them to the table, laid them down under the eyes of the colonel, and called his attention at once to the feature of their typography.

"Do these resemble the broadsides of which you speak?"

"In size and appearance—yes. But"—suddenly catching sight of the words and immediately lifting one from the pile and eagerly perusing it—"they are not the same. I have not before seen these, madame! They are—"

"A new emission, colonel, as you will perceive, with additional particulars, not only reasserting to the soldiers the incapacity of the commander-in-chief, but hinting very plainly at others who might better fill the position. Read carefully, please, as I am under pledge to circulate them to-morrow, if I do not do so to-night; and you may wish to recognize them should you again meet them."

"Why, good heaven, madame!" But whatever of surprise was intended to be conveyed in the sentence, was delayed by his reading over the paper, again and again, as if with intent to fix every word in his mind; and before he had concluded, the lady went on with her strange explanation:

"You are quite assured, colonel, I think, that these came from the same press, and probably from the same pen, as the others?"

Colonel Vernon merely nodded in reply.

"These came to me, last night—how, you must not ask me to tell you, but certainly through no officer of your army—from a royalist press in Philadelphia, and from those high in the confidence of Sir William Howe, whether they have or have not the personal sanction of Sir William himself, as I do not know. Seeing the origin of the one, you can not possibly have any doubt of that of the other."

"Madame, I have no doubt whatever!" was the surprised but confident exclamation of the officer. "I see it all, at a glance, thanks to you, and understand how easily one may be misled by suspicion, even with apparently the best opportunities for judging. My God!"—and this time it was the member of the stronger sex who arose and hurriedly paced the apartment, some troubled thought forcing him to that physical exercise—"so they are not content with bullets and sword-blades, then, in seeking to crush out the chances of a people struggling to be free!—they must even use inflammatory proclamations, forging the sources from which they come, to turn an army into a mob and weaken what they can not hope to subdue otherwise! God pity the man whom—whom the commander-in-chief detects in any of these practices! But see!"—and for the first and last time that evening, even in the midst of his evident excitement, a smile broke over his face—"see, after all, what a compliment these managers for King George pay to—to my chief! Oh, that Congress and the army could know this, with full proof! How quickly, then, would the cabal die, in the knowledge that the British authorities, laboring to weaken the patriot army, seek first to take away its head, and substitute some other, more easy to provoke to rash confidence which would destroy it, or hopeless discouragement which would disband it! But what matter, when all is said? If the cause is what we believe it, that cabal will die, and at precisely the proper moment: if we are mistaken, why should it not triumph and destroy us?"

CHAPTER XXI.

CIRCULATING THE DOCUMENTS.

"And now," said Catharine Trafford, when the ebullition of feeling just recorded, had ceased, and the usually cool-headed officer was once more himself, "now to say the few more words that must be said, somewhat hastily; as not even I dare keep you too long a prisoner here. If you have any use whatever for a few of those documents, Colonel Vernon, pray possess yourself of them, as it is my duty to circulate the remainder."

"Circulate them, madame? Am I to understand that you really contemplate circulating these papers?"

"Assuredly, and on my honor, colonel—every one of them, of which you do not take possession. In my own way, however, and perhaps not with much injury to the cause, as I have given no pledges in that regard."

Eying her with no little of that wonder which had been deepening in his glance, as he had more closely measured her during the past half hour, Colonel Vernon took a few of the handbills from the top of the pile, folded and thrust them into one of his pockets. Then the mystery of the last observation was solved with great suddenness.

"Circulate them? Certainly, to the four winds of heaven and to all the elements that deal with ashes and tinder!" spoke the strange woman, with an elevation approaching that of a pythoness, as she seized all the papers remaining, carried them to the smouldering fire, and thrust them with hand and foot into the midst of the ruddy coals, where they kindled for the moment a blaze very different from that which they had been intended to light in the discouraged hearts of the patriot soldiers.

"Surprised again, madame, and again delighted!" exclaimed the witness of this summary proceeding, as the flash of flame leapt upward, spending its few moments of existence in irradiating the hair of her who had given it birth. "With what interests might you not be intrusted? What great concerns might you not manage?"

"Alas! Colonel Vernon!"—and there was something of unutterable sadness in the sweet brown eyes as she replied, while the gazer could see that the proud bosom heaved with agitated feeling—"alas!—how could I be properly intrusted with important interests of others, who so ill manage my own? Stay: at this moment I remember that we have both been wandering away entirely from an important point of your visit. We were speaking of Charles Lee, and I had expressed my opinion that though by no means disloyal to the cause, he was dangerous. I meant to go further—further perhaps than becomes either my duty or my privilege—in advising you how something may be done to make him less so, without too closely awakening his suspicions and rendering him an enemy to the cause instead of a mistaken and often troublesome friend."

"You believe, madame, that you hold such a clew in your hands! If so, I can only say that the country will be more largely your debtor than it is even now. Hold—however! Before honoring me with that additional confidence, allow me to decline to receive it, in advance, if it will in the slightest degree compromise your own position with that officer, if it necessitates inflicting upon yourself a single pang of self-reproach when too late to recall the action."

"Colonel Vernon!" And the lady left her chair, came up to the side of the Continental officer, stood at his knee as a petted child might have done, and took one of his hands in hers, in the most simple and natural manner possible. "To meet with one so noble in soul as yourself, so careful of the rights and feelings of others, is a pleasure so great that I shall always henceforth believe the better of humanity for having once experienced it. You show me honor as well as regard—such honor, coupled with such regard, as I have never before believed to exist on earth. God bless you, for both!—for I do not always receive, in my difficult path, the one coupled with the other: sometimes I have neither, when I have done nothing to forfeit what man holds highest and woman dearest. I believe that no other man on earth would have checked me, in my own behalf, as you did this moment: henceforth, you can ask of me nothing that I will not render to you: I would trust you with my life, my very soul, only less than I would the Maker of both!"

"Dangerous words, madame, for you to utter or me to hear!"—the Continental officer began; but



"NOT FOR PLUTO!"—HUGO EROLA.

he was interrupted in words as bewildering in character as they were unexpected and indeed phenomenal in their utterance:

"No—see, I am surrendering to you the very highest trust of my being. But you must surrender to me something, in return."

"To you, madame!—to you I would give—God help me, I believe that I could almost give my soul, following your own generous devotion."

"And yet, see how you oblige me to ask again for what I crave, and it is so little! You do not understand me—no, how could you? It is this: whatever, henceforth, we may be before others, never chill me again by that cold 'madame.' If there is

any beauty in the name of 'Catharine,' let me hear it from your lips."

"Catharine—a sweet name, certainly, if I have your permission to use it," spoke the officer, his tongue dwelling somewhat lovingly on the word. "Have a care, however, *Catharine*, that I may not speak it too often and too warmly."

"I will take all the care that I may," she replied, holding his hand as before, and neither of the two yielding to the temptation of renewing the caress of an hour earlier, which might have come so easily. "And now to tell you—for you *must* leave this room and this house—what you stopped me from telling you five minutes ago, and something else of still

more importance to myself, though as yet it is nothing to you. Left to himself, Charles Lee will probably continue his secret practices, wasting his energy that might do good to the cause, if with no other bad result. Once made aware that he is under the eye of the commander-in-chief in this particular—in other words suspected to be plotting against him, I am mistaken if he does not cease doing so, from the very perverseness of his nature, which has, as I have already told you that I believe, a noble side—noble as ungovernable."

"I trace your reasoning, mad—no, Catharine, and admit its force. There is no wish, be sure, on the part of the commander-in-chief, to drive the man



THE BETROTHAL.—OTTO ERDMANN.

who fought so grandly at Ticonderoga, away from the service. But, as you have yourself suggested, so much known, something must be done to check at least his participation in the cabal. How that something is to be accomplished, will need more than a minute's consideration — will need, indeed, the head of General Washington himself, whom I have generally (not always) found to be equal to sudden emergencies. For to miss, would be to anger Lee, beyond doubt — perhaps to lose him at the very moment when we have not too many officers owning both valor and experience."

"Pardon me, now, colonel," answered Catharine, "if I presume to advise you — almost to direct. I am confident that I have the means in my thought, and the necessary circumstances in my grasp."

"It would not surprise me in the least, after what I have heard and seen to-night, to find that you held at the ends of these plump white fingers the plans of both armies, for the next campaign!" exclaimed the Continental officer, bowing over the hand he held, and raising it half way to his lips, though without taking the full privilege in his power.

"We seem to be running in circles of two days each," the lady went on. "It is two days since you first came to this house — so little while, and yet how much of life seems to have passed since then! Heigho! — that was not what I was about to suggest. Two nights hence — I will take care that the time shall be rightly arranged — advise the commander-in-chief, in person, to make a descent on the King-of-Prussia, say at nine at night, with such a small

force — say of horse — as would be fitting for slight service that looked for little or no resistance. You are sure that you quite trust me, and have no suspicion of my wishing to inveigle the commander, with slight support at his back, into an ambush and capture?" she paused to ask, eyeing the other keenly for that instant.

"Quite sure, Catharine," was the unhesitating reply, with an openness of countenance which shamed the momentary suspicion. "Pray proceed, and with due circumspection; for I shall certainly — I shall certainly advise the commander-in-chief to act as you suggest, so that your responsibility will be a most weighty one."

"Let him then descend upon the King-of-Prussia, say at nine o'clock, two nights hence. Let the rea-

son of the descent be the understanding that some of the enemy, on spy service, are occasionally harboring there. The landlord being more or less a loyalist—remember that I am an Englishwoman, and so excuse my not calling him a 'Tory'—the landlord, I say, being more or less a loyalist, the movement will not be thought extraordinary. Let nothing be known of the destination, until on the march. Surround the house, quietly, so that no one can escape. If the commander should chance to find any of his own officers there, not quite able to account for being there, let him deal with them without severity, but so that they will understand themselves to be under suspicion from their being found outside of their place of duty and in ambiguous circumstances. The failure to find any loyalist spies may easily be a matter of misinformation. May I hope that I have made myself quite understood?"

"Nothing could be clearer, and in my opinion nothing better conceived or better calculated to bring about the end in view," answered the officer, rising, drawing his watch from his fob, and replacing it with an exclamation (possibly not a very reasonable one, under all the circumstances) at the exceeding lateness of the hour.

"It is very late, I know it—but not yet," said the lady, who had all this while retained her standing position. Perhaps it was only natural that as he rose, the arm of her companion should again have glided around the lithe waist, though nothing of nearer approach followed, as Catharine Trafford continued:

"One moment, and in that moment I have no less than two favors to ask. See what it is to deal with a woman, even in the affairs of a nation! First, I have a brother in the royal service—Walter Trafford, now a lieutenant, younger than myself, nearly enough like me in appearance to have been my twin, and headstrong and reckless to a degree. I need not tell you that my heart bleeds at his being in a service which, as here employed, I detest; but what can I do? Nothing! What could any one do, perhaps, with myself in the same position? In what daring enterprise that darling youngster may some day be employed, against your forces, no one can say. Do me the favor to possess the commander-in-chief with his name, and to beg for him any leniency in his power, in the event of his falling into your hands: I ask this, no matter what the circumstances. Am I asking too much?"

Had the arm of the officer been elsewhere than around the waist of the lovely suppliant, there is no reason to believe that the answer would have been different. Being where it was, only one response was possible—an earnest and hearty promise.

"Be sure that I will do all you wish; and I will answer for it that the commander-in-chief will heed my request and will do anything that honorably lies in his power to shelter your brother, in the rare chance of such favor being necessary. Have you not something more difficult, in your second request?"

"No, I think not!" was the reply, the lady drawing from her pocket and placing in his hand the same purse that we have seen her grinding under her heel on the previous evening. "It is to take this, and apply it, without asking any questions as to its derivation, in the purchase of any comforts for the poor fellows in your hospitals. Will you ease my mind at least a trifle, by doing as I desire?"

"I will, Catharine, and God bless you for one of the noblest as well as one of the loveliest of woman-kind!" cried Colonel George Vernon, clasping her for one moment to his heart, with the embrace as passionately returned,—then lifting her hand once more to his lips, as if re-establishing the old status (two days old!) of friendship and gentlemanly formality, as she lighted the candle and ushered him down the stairway, through the room now deserted by the Quaker and his wife, once more out into the shivering but starry winter night.

CHAPTER XXII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

Among the inquiries made by Captain Anstruther, of Catharine Trafford, in the interview not long since recorded, was one as to whether the commander-in-chief of the patriot army, after seeing his troops as well disposed of as was possible under their narrow circumstances, had left his marquee on the hill-side, and betaken himself to the more comfortable winter-quarters of a house in the immediate neighborhood;

and the answer of the lady in the affirmative, had been held by the British officer much the better to justify the allegation in the incendiary broadside, that Washington was additionally proving his unfitness for command, by placing himself in luxurious comfort, while his soldiers were suffering in huts, and miserable tents, and almost in unsheltered exposure. And yet, could the whole truth have been known to those intended to be operated upon by the statement, there was really little ground for injurious comparison on this point; for Washington, well-born, high-bred, and naturally luxurious (as were many others of the Fathers of the Revolution—John Hancock and Thomas Jefferson two notable examples from different sections)—Washington, with this characteristic in nature and the additional incitement of early belongings of the most liberal character, was yet specially one of those who could live above what many others held to be necessities. Very early, in the first surveying expedition over the Allegheny Mountains, under the patronage of Lord Fairfax, he had accustomed himself to rough riding, to hard fare, to log-pillows, to open-air encampment, to nights of broken sleep and painful vigilance—to all, in short, which could make him hardier at call, whatever his natural characteristics; and the men of America do not need to be told, today, that he was a man of noble stature, of large and vigorous frame, and of a strength and agility now seldom blended by any except professed athletes or men of the hardest experiences. In fact, all other capacities being granted, it is very doubtful whether, this one of personal physical endurance lacking, the *Pater Patria* could have passed through, and borne through, the long and arduous struggle with success—so much is the mind the servant if not the slave of the body, and so certainly must any man of weak and nervous physical condition have mentally as well as bodily succumbed to the strain of unending calculation, the constant effort to make something out of nothing and much out of little, the pressure of discouraging circumstances and malicious undervaluations, the wear-and-tear of weary waitings and unexpected postponements, the unrelaxed tension of a waiting fight needing Fabian management. And let no student of the man and the time, hold as entirely unimportant the traditions of his youth, which show him as leaping farther than any competitor, or those (perhaps more apocryphal) of his later years, accrediting him with having climbed to a greater height up the rugged cliffs of the Virginia Natural Bridge, and made a higher mark there, than any other man of his time. The whole Washington—the physical as well as the mental—was needed in the great exigency of a continent; and let the fact never be forgotten, in dealing with the men and events of the past, any more than in providing for the welfare of the future. Little, as already said, could have been laid to the account of the chief, on the score of luxurious indulgence, had the whole truth of his location been known, even after he had taken down his marquee, that winter, and removed to the house of Isaac Potts, the second of that name owning the Forge in the Valley. Among the numerous head-quarters now or lately standing in the different States from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts, and accredited with having been hallowed by a longer or briefer sojourn of the commander within their walls, few have been less pretentious than that of Valley Forge.

Unquestionably among the most interesting of the buildings occupied by Washington during the struggle, and only yielding, if at all, to that from which he went forth to take the command of the army at Cambridge, and which has since grown doubly hallowed by the residence there of the first of American poets—the head-quarters at Valley Forge fortunately remains intact, though built upon by later possessors; so that any of the swarming thousands of the Centennial may at once pay it a pilgrimage and verify its belongings. The building was in 1778 of substantial stone, not more than eight or ten years completed, and of so small a size as to afford only two rooms, each of less than fifteen feet square, on the ground, while the chambers above were necessarily few and limited. Over the principal door, fronting northward to the Schuylkill, a small carved portico-roof seemed to have been promised the support of two columns, never supplied. Soon after the occupation by the commander-in-chief, a small addition of logs was thrown out eastward, for the domestic purposes of the household; though that has long since disappeared and been succeeded by a wooden build-

ing of greater size and convenience. The location of the house has already been indicated—at very near the Schuylkill, immediately east of the junction with that stream of the Valley Creek, and occupying really what might to be called the northwest corner of the whole encampment proper. Southward, behind it rose the Valley Range; southward and eastward stretched the tents, huts and earth-works of the patriot army; west of it, and commanded by the west windows, ran the insignificant creek; and beyond that stream, half a mile distant from the head-quarters on the Phoenixville Road, stood the principal hospital, so limited and insufficient, of the suffering army.

Within, no more of luxury was visible than promised by the plain exterior; and very different were the surroundings amid which Martha Washington found herself, among the snowy mountains and valleys of Pennsylvania, from those to which she had been accustomed in her married home at Mount Vernon in milder Virginia.

Entering the house at the front, the visitor passing a few feet through a narrow and ill-lighted hall, entered at the right into the front apartment of the mansion—that especially occupied, during that memorable winter, by Mistress Washington. Something less than fifteen feet square, this apartment had but two windows, both in the front and looking out over the frozen Schuylkill. The western end, that opposite the door, was filled by a large fireplace in the centre, with paneled wood-work above the mantel, and a closet on either side, with round-headed fanlight surmounting each. No door opened from this room into the rear apartment, which needed to be entered from the hall, like the front, though by a door farther back and beside the narrow stairway leading up to the sleeping-chambers. Within, this rear or second apartment was found to be nearly a duplicate of the other, though a trifle less elaborate in paneling, and with the addition of specially deep window-ledges, the bottoms of which had been ingeniously turned into hidden chests or coffers for the bestowment of private papers or valuables. Another difference was also visible, between the two apartments: in a narrow door leading out to the western side of the house,—and in the presence of a huge box stove, of German extraction and clumsy pattern, bearing the rudest of ornamentation in low bass-reliefs of Scriptural subjects, some plates being even now preserved, and one of them showing the turning of water into wine, at the marriage supper of Cana, in a coarseness of imagination, and a very childishness of drawing, which must often have amused the fine taste of the careworn commander, in hours of leisure permitting such observation.

Into the first of these apartments, late in the morning of the second day following the second visit of Colonel George Vernon to Cedar Grove, the wintry light shone on the figure of the wife of the commander—she who shared so notably not only in his glory, but in the halo of aristocratic dignity generally surrounding him, as to have borne, in nearly all mouths, during and after his Presidency, the anti-republican title of "Lady Washington."

A lady who has borne, perhaps, as much of celebrity in history, as any one throughout the ages, not personally compelling the regard of mankind by the exercise of absolute genius. A true and loving wife, through more than forty years of union with the man of her second choice, and winning her highest meed, as some conservative thinkers still believe that woman must ever do, in sharing and upholding the glory of the husband, instead of making a separate and independent effort for the wreath of honor. And one to whom republican America as republican America, perhaps owes more for having failed to bear a man-child to George Washington than for any other deed or default of her life!

An anomaly in many regards—as is, perhaps, nearly every character of note, as seen by any single eye. Proud, to the very fullest extent of that power in womanhood; and yet in a certain sense unassuming and even retiring. A literal "queen of society" in her fair youth, and again and even more markedly so in the years of the Presidency; and yet notably domestic and seeming better pleased "among her maids" at Mount Vernon than when surrounded by the distinguished persons and the open homage of the "Republican Court." Defiant of public opinion as it reflected on her warlike husband, in flaunting the white-and-scarlet liveries of her postillions, and requiring her four or six horses in hand, in hasty journeys to and from the camps where that husband

quartered; and yet as chary of that husband's reputation, and as severe in enforcing the full measure of respect to it, as could have been the most habitually careful in the other regards. Proud of her noble mate, and confiding in him to an extent rare even with the most submissive of wives; and yet jealous of him (the fact is only partially known, and may be widely disputed by those who believe all early history as written)!—jealous of him as could have been the weakest of her sex, dealing with the least reliable of the other.

Sitting in her own apartment, already described, that January morning, the wife of the commander-in-chief was busied in the apparently hopeless task of instructing a young female negro servant, kneeling at her feet, in the art and mystery of making stitches less than an inch in length, in some article of personal apparel upon which the colored girl was engaged. Both the teeth and eyes of the latter were gleaming whitely, in rival attempts at showing stupidity in understanding and wondering admiration of the mistress, who literally knew everything. Sitting thus, Martha Washington, well and even richly dressed in the costume of the time and her position; her hair, with very few touches of gray, rolled into what might have been called bunches on her well-shaped head, and crowned with a small cap of fine lace rather displaying than concealing it—the lady, thus observed, showed a face that had never been truly handsome, and yet that must have possessed much attractive grace in those days of reigning bellehood at Williamsburg, before Colonel Custis bore away the prize of her hand from many competing suitors. Before something of the firm plumpness of youth had gone from the cheek to be supplied by the fattier fullness of matronhood,—and before the mouth, whose firm lines and determined set might then have been merely piquant, had grown to be a trifle threatening in its assertion of self-will and its possibility of proud petulance. Exceedingly well preserved, and in that fine physical health more likely to remain with the childless than the childbearing, after five-and-thirty, in America—she yet looked fully the ten years in addition to that age, which she had numbered; and it may be said that at that virtual transition time of her life, she gave little promise of that almost second youth which came to her perhaps in the fulfillment of a pride beyond even her early hopes, when her noble husband was the first President of a new-born nation, and when the most distinguished of the period, of both sexes, gathered around her as around a virtual queen, in the already cited "Republican Court" of that Presidency.

While she was thus engaged, a tap sounded on the door leading from the hall; at a word of recognizing permission it opened, closed again, and George Washington stood within the apartment.

No man of American history so little needs describing, to American readers, as the Father of his Country; for, while none holds so exclusive and enviable a place in universal regard, none other of her heroes has been so often and so successfully pictured in word and drawing, during the hundred years of the Republic. This not only from his fame and the regard borne him, but materially because he was physically and to the outer eye a noble object, as not all have been who filled eminent place in the thought of a people. And yet something more of brief description may be attempted, as from the eyes of those who saw him at and about that momentous period when he had reached the culmination of his powers as well as the strongest need of their exhibition.

Five-and-forty years of age at this time, it might truly be said of the commander-in-chief, that in him was fully exploded the old fallacy of the maturity of man at the half-way house toward three-score-and-ten. For nothing of the physical any more than of the mental, had as yet decayed or weakened, in that man of rarely balanced strength. Probably at that day, though he might not have been able to display the extreme agility of his twentieth year, he could have borne any ordinary fatigue with less consciousness of physical outlay, and less drain upon the system, than at the earlier stage of life; and many years were to pass before the first exhibition of that decline in bodily power, carrying him to an honored grave one-and-twenty years later, on the very verge of the nineteenth century.

Precisely at that perfect stature of six feet, which is the envy of most above it as of all below it, Washington was stouter of figure, at that juncture, than has come to be the ordinary impression with refer-

ence to him—both Trumbull's and Cogniet's pictures, the best known of the full-lengths, showing him in the costume and with the surroundings of that special period, but with the face and figure which came to him some years after the close of the Revolution, when the gray had declared itself in hair and whisker, and when the insidious disease which eventually ended a career intended to reach to at least eighty, had begun to thin the frame by destroying the more abundant tissues. Without a suspicion of superfluous flesh, the commander would that day have turned the scale at nearly or quite a stone beyond the two hundred—this weight so well distributed as to relieve the belief in its existence, and possibly to deceive the eyes of the painters as well as those of others.

Markedly proud as well as grave was that remarkable face—the nose at once long, as becomed the strategist, and of Roman tendency, without being sharply aquiline, as became the man who would fight well and to the death, but never from his own seeking—the mouth very firm and closely set except when momentarily relaxed—the eyes dark, widely set, and calm almost to severity—the whisker little more than a continuation of the hair at the temple, and scarcely touched with gray—the plentiful hair carefully queued, ribboned and worn with a slight dash of powder—the whole contour that of a man eminently handsome in youth and with scarcely one winning feature lost in middle-age. Of this pleasing impression, meanwhile, no one but felt that much was due to the erect carriage, which seemed to blend the highest dignity with courtesy, and no small proportion to the art and habit of dressing well under any and all circumstances, which the cares and duties of the commander could not destroy or modify in the opulent Virginia gentleman.

Though comparatively in the privacy of his own abode, the general would have seemed, at that moment, arrayed for any eye possible to look upon him—the abundant ruffles at wrist and bosom, equally fine and well cared for; the small-clothes of buckskin, with white hose terminating in silver-buckled shoes; the waistcoat of buff kerseymere with bright buttons, though neither very long flapped nor ornamented, as was then so common; the watch shown by heavy seals dependent below the vest; the coat (as necessary for one at any moment liable to be called upon by some officer on duty) blue, turned up with buff at wrist and lappel, high in standing collar, heavily epauletted on either shoulder, and closed by two or three buttons at the breast. Such was the costume of this hour within: such would be the costume, later, of official duty or review without, with the high spurred boots replacing the low buckled shoes, and with the dark blue surtout or cloak rendered necessary by the winter air, the modest, unplumed cocked hat, and the straight-bladed sword with a couple of silver tassels forming the only ornament of hilt or scabbard.

Mere glimpses, these, of the Man of Men and the lady to whom he owed fealty. Cold and lifeless lay-figures, so far; but with a certain interest, when it is remembered that they are shaped and clothed from the recollections of those who looked upon them in the flesh, at a day when the one was literally (under God) holding the destinies of half the Western World,—and when the other was proving, perhaps not less nobly, her right and her duty to watch over the domestic comforts of the man bearing that weighty responsibility.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REFERRING TO NIGHT-ENTERPRISES.

It was the bow of a gentleman to a lady, on entering her presence—not that curt and half-contemptuous recognition which has in later days become too much the habit with those who believe that "familiarity" should breed "contempt,"—with which Washington saluted the mistress of the apartment, as he closed the door; and it was a nod of pleased welcome, only less stately than his own greeting, with which the lady received the visitor from that extreme distance, the rear room, following the motion with a word to the colored servant (who lived, by the way, nearly eighty years thereafter, and died only a score of years ago, well accredited as one of the old inmates of the Washington household):

"Essie, a chair for the general."

"Thank you, no—this is a standing call, not a sitting one," replied the commander, pleasantly. "And yet Essie may do me service, all the same, as I have

a partially military errand, and am levying forced contributions."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, with a well-simulated surprise in her tone, while Essie, too much in awe of master and mistress to giggle in such a presence, grimaced at what she comprehended to be a pleasantry without understanding one word of it.

"Yes," pursued the general, "Montaigne has unaccountably disappeared, and I am led to believe that he has taken refuge in this room, where I chance to know that he has before been harbored, against the rights of his lawful owner, on occasion."

"As your weight and age are both more than my own, general, I must consider myself overawed by a superior force, and therefore yield to necessity," replied the wife, adding the order for surrender: "Essie, the general's book—the large one, with red leathern cover, from my chamber—quick!"

The girl disappeared on her errand, with a celerity showing rigid discipline; and the general, coming closer to his wife and indeed standing in the warm radius of the blazing fire, pursued the conversation in a somewhat more earnest tone and manner:

"I promised you a report from the hospital; and I have a report thence this morning."

"Ah, the poor fellows! Yes! I hope, general, that you can tell me of at least some abatement of the fevers."

"Of the fevers, yes; of the general sickness, I am sorry to say, no. If there was any infection, I believe that it has been rooted out, by the sharp frost and the care taken by the surgeons. But the debilitation—ah, madame, how shall we root out that, with so few kinds of nourishing food at our command, and with the discouragement of inaction affecting the strength as well as the spirits of every invalid! My God!"—and for the moment the commander ceased to be the calm and self-possessed man so constantly seen by the world when in communication with it, and the breath of pained and half-heartbroken feeling came laboring from his manly chest as he covered his brow with his broad hand, in contemplation—"my God!—it can not be that all is to be for nothing, at last—that Valley Forge is to be set down in future history as the grave of the confederacy, less than two years after its birth!"

"General!"

There was marked surprise, and almost severity, in the tone. Martha Washington rose from her chair and stood proudly erect, for that instant undeniably prouder than the proud man whose name she bore. Had she been a bride of five or ten years, instead of one of nearly twenty, and had something more of young blood run in her veins, no doubt she would have done that which comes so naturally to the wife when she sees her husband in suffering; approached him closely, thrown her arms around him, and sought to build up, in a loving caress, the confidence for that instant faltering. As it was, she but became for the time the Genius of America, more outraged than grieved by the doubt, as she repeated her previous word, with a significant addition:

"General, you surprise me!"

"Do I so, madame?" The general's hand came down from his face; and whatever of softness there had been in that face, changed as he continued after a moment of pause: "Well, I do not wonder that you say as much; sometimes I am surprised at myself. But I am more ashamed than surprised, at having brought this face to you. Especially when I am obliged once more to throw myself on your generosity."

"Upon my generosity, general?" The lady re-seated herself, as she spoke; and the strict privacy of interview between the husband and wife came to an end, as Essie returned with the missing Montaigne, found with more difficulty and delay than her mistress had anticipated.

"Yes. I promised you revenge at chess, night before last, and was not able to keep my appointment. Last evening, as you are aware, I was prevented by an important consultation. And to-night—"

A jealous woman might have found material for the building up of her pet foible, in the momentary hesitation which he made, with the sentence uncompleted—a pause which Martha Washington filled.

"And to-night, general? You do not hold another council to-night, I presume?"

"No, madame,"—and the voice of the commander echoed a little of that hardness which a quick ear could detect in the tone of the question—"no, I have unexpected service for this evening, which may

take me away for some hours; and that it is which disappoints me quite as much as yourself."

The lady made an even longer pause than her husband had done, before she replied.

"General," she said, after that pause, "are you quite sure of what you are doing?"

"As nearly so, madame, as poor fallible mortality can be, in a dark way, that has never been trodden before!" was the reply, with a concentration in the tones showing forcible suppression.

"You command the army, general, not I," responded the lady, with the slightest softening of her voice from its late utterance. "And yet, while I have no right to advise you as a military man, I may presume to do so as a husband."

"With one word omitted, madame, you would certainly have a right to do so."

"And that word—may I inquire?"

"A word which should never have place in any conversation between you and myself. You may advise, without 'presuming.'"

"Ah—well. I was about to remark, then, general, that to a weak woman's fancy, you are subjecting yourself to serious exposures—bold, if not imprudent—hazardous, even if necessary; some of them, one would think, really the taking upon yourself of what might properly be done by officers of less rank and value to the country and to me."

Something in the last expression evidently touched the heart of the listener; was it the one word with which she had concluded? He came nearer, laid his broad hand on the matronly shoulder of the comely woman before him—then lifted one of her hands and kissed it, with a world of courtly and feeling dignity.

"You ought to have been long enough the wife of a soldier, now," he said, "not to frighten yourself and him by overstrained fancies. But I understand you, I think. You knew—I scarcely meant that you should do

so—of my riding with only a single orderly, the other evening; and you could not know, as I now assure you, that I was going into no possible danger."

"Are you *sure*, general?"

There was a strong emphasis upon the penultimate word, though the question was asked in a tone of marked kindness. And that emphasis brought a flush of color to the brow of the general—one so evanescent that it passed away before any eye could well have caught it, had even an eye been observing him with close attention. His reply, however, was an assurance for the future, if no defense of the past.

"Leaving that as an open question, in your mind, madame, though it is not so in mine—you will agree with me, I think, that for this night, with a full squadron at my back, and without going five miles away from head-quarters, I shall not be periling either myself or the service materially."

There really seemed to Martha Washington a gratifying guarantee of safety in this information; or some other feeling influenced her pleasantly; for the matronly face, which had been not a little troubled throughout most of the conversation, lightened up wonderfully. Any further conversation, however, was cut short by the clank of a sabre without the door, the rattle of the sentry's musket as he pre-

sented arms to an officer, and then four distinct raps on the panel without, marking the coming of some member of the general's military family.

Passing out into the hall as the officer entered, in time to receive him and accompany him into his own severely furnished apartment, the commander-in-chief was only a moment or two later seated there, with the new-comer standing before him, exhibiting, both in face and figure, many of the best attributes of the soldier. Some five years older than Washington, Lachlan McIntosh, with his round face, from which seemed to have passed away none of the smooth lines of boyhood, and with his piercing yet sunny eyes of intense darkness, seemed undeniably the younger of the two, while in a widely different way he produced upon the spectator an impression much like that of the other—of one who could be trusted as a thorough man under all circumstances, and depended upon to the death.

Not of those destined by the inscrutable fates to any marked distinction, the Scot was one of those combining much of the chivalric and romantic in temperament, with great power of usefulness to others,

in this opportunity to oppose the House of Hanover, something to atone for that lost in the attempt to do so more perilously on his native heather. Early a colonel and then a brigadier-general in the Georgian service, he had illustrated the old feudal blood of the Clan Chattan by falling into feud with some of the other leaders; this culminating in a duel, in May of the previous year, with Button Gwinnett, president of the Georgia council, and a rival for the brigadier-generalship—in the death of his antagonist, and his own wounding and temporary disablement. That fatal event had driven Lachlan McIntosh from the South—his own disgust, be it said, the principal element in his removal, as his conduct in the affair had been fully vindicated, and that of Gwinnett condemned, in seeking to place a subordinate officer over his head, in the expedition against Florida, as a salve for wounded personal vanity.

Joining the central army while in the Jerseys, McIntosh had been warmly received by Washington from the first, that acute judge of men and capacities early discovering at once the ability and the probity so much needed. Already he had rendered services

—many of them, at that day, better understood by the commander than by those who surrounded him, from the fact that they involved the carrying out of his most secret and personal instructions, for which the born Scottish chieftain proved himself so specially fitted,—and some of them, of no slight importance, never explained by either during lifetime, and thus never entering into the history of the conflict. One thing is generally known with reference to Lachlan McIntosh, at that period, and one thing only: that in the task of watching Sir William Howe, at Philadelphia, throughout the encampments at White-marsh and Valley Forge, no man bore a more arduous share than he, and no man more fully enjoyed the confidence of his great superior.



AN INTERESTING CRISIS.—GUSTAVE SÜS.

and a self-sacrificing willingness to use that power under all circumstances, which might have made him, in another age, one of the subjects of minstrels' lays and noble ladies' high praises. A son of John More McIntosh, of Borlaim, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Clan Chattan, ruined in the rising of 1715 for the Old Pretender—Lachlan, then only a mere lad, had accompanied his father and brother, with General Oglethorpe, to Georgia, in 1736, and there resided until the calling home of that general by the British government, to take part in the campaign against Charles Edward Stuart, in the second and more fatal rising of 1745. With his brother, he had made the attempt to win back to Scotland, concealed on board the very ship carrying the royalist general, in order to prove his Jacobite blood and feeling by linking his fortunes with those of the Young Pretender; with his brother he had been discovered and turned back by the generous Oglethorpe, thus only, it is probable, avoiding the bloody death which his reckless bravery would have brought him on Drummosie Moor, or a less glorious exit from life at the hands of the executioner. A friend of Henry Laurens, at Charleston, thereafter, he had been among the earliest of the Southern leaders in resistance to the royal authority—no doubt finding

special difficulty in what I desire you to do, General McIntosh, but the utmost care is necessary," Washington was saying, at the moment when the two are discovered, the commander sitting in his favorite attitude of the legs crossed, and the arms lying upon the two arms of the chair; while the subordinate stood, cocked hat in hand, very near him, his old-boy face aglow with pleasure and interest, and his intensely dark eyes shining as they had a habit of doing when he saw that in advance which peculiarly agreed with his own fancies.

An unforgettable touch of the birr dwelt upon the tongue of the Scot, as he replied, giving to Washington that name which he alone of all the army would have dreamed of personally using to him, but which at the same time expressed his fullest and truest devotion:

"Yer wull shall be my law, chief, just that and nae mair, as ye well ken, gin you'll be guid enough to mak it plain to my thick heid."

"I am well assured of that, general, always," was the reply of the commander. "Not of the thickness of the head—rather the strength of it—but of the faithful care and close discipline which render your co-operation always so valuable."

It scarcely belongs to this narrative to record so



John S. Davis

Midnight and Cornwallis is taken!!

Tomlinson

UofM

1000

much; but many a day thereafter, when Lachlan McIntosh was very old, encompassed by the clouds of his later life, his warlike occupation gone, the "chief" of his reverent regard passed away to rest before him, and himself trying in vain to build up his shattered fortunes on those wasted lands in the Georgia which had known his active youth—many a day, then, the memory of those words of praise, uttered on that special occasion by Washington's lips, came back to him as the full compensation for all that he had suffered and sacrificed; and many a time the old warrior referred to them with pardonable pride and satisfaction, as conveying a nobility quite as dear as could have been conferred by his darling Charlie Stuart, Culloden won, and the Stuart king holding his levees in Holyrood. But to return to the explanations and the instructions then and there given by the commander-in-chief, and so carefully listened to by the man of the Clan Chattan.

"What follows, General McIntosh, for yourself and yourself only, until my orders to the contrary. Three squadrons of horse, for near service, at sharp eight, to-night. You may take them from Wilson's and Gregg's brigades, as they are well mounted. In column of fours, beyond the bridge, facing south, yourself in command, with two majors of the troops, there to wait for further orders. I shall myself accompany the detachment, but do not choose that the fact shall be known in advance. Destination, the King-of-Prussia, all the neighborhood of which you know perfectly, and all the outlets of escape from which, without further orders on that point, you will see to having effectually stopped on approach. Am I thoroughly understood?"

"Right weel, chief—naething could be plainer. I onnerstand what you will, and nae mair. Three squadrons frae Wilson and Gregg, at aught sharp, ayont the brig, for near service and so wi'out baggage. Onything mair, chief?"

"Nothing more, General McIntosh: to-night at eight," was the answer of the commander, rising as he spoke, with the high courtesy of his habit, while the Scot bowed low in the very act of saluting, and was gone from the apartment and the house with singular celerity. Left alone, the man of many cares and a nation's destiny sank back into his seat for a moment, his arms again along those of his chair, and his eyes dwelling, without seeing them, on the quaint bass-reliefs of the old German stove. Then he rose, shook himself as if throwing off some thought that had been for the moment oppressive; drew from the corner where they sat by the window, his heavy long boots, and assumed them; took down from the pegs in the paneling where they hung in due order, his modest cocked hat and the straight-bladed sword which had waved in his steady hand when he rode between the two lines of fire at Princeton; from yet another peg withdrew a heavy long cloak of dark material; drew it close around him and passed out through the low side-door, locking it behind him, to the wintry air and the snow without, on that side of the head-quarters overlooking the Valley Creek.

It would have been evident, to any one conversant alike with the orders lately given to Lachlan McIntosh, and the suggestions made two days earlier by Catharine Trafford to Colonel George Vernon—that the commander-in-chief had laid no little stress upon the communications made to him by that officer and confidential agent, and that the lady's advice was to be acted upon with a vigor threatening serious results to any conspirators harboring in the suspected neighborhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"AN INTERESTING CRISIS."—The chicken is always amusing, except when he awakens one at unseasonable hours by premature crowing; but he is most amusing at the moment when he emerges from the shell, tired of his confinement, blinking his eyes at the sunlight, and somewhat staggered in the legs, as well as feeble in voice and slight in his acquaintance with geography. In the hands of Gustave Sûs, the celebrated German painter of poultry and farmyard scenes, who supplies the picture of a group emerging from the shell, he is simply irresistible in the drollery of his appearance. Patrons of this journal will remember Mr. Sûs as the painter of "Dame Nature's School," rendered so widely popular by being selected as a premium to *THE ALDINE* during the palmy days of chromos; and they will admit that the present picture has all the best charm of the artist to whom they owed that admirable production.

HUGH LEONARD'S CASKET.

A SEA-SIDE IDYL.

It was down by the breezy sea-side,
Not many long years ago;
A spot as glorious for breakers
As for quickening the pulses' slow.
Here the invalid and idler
Kill time in a pleasant way;
Here love and friendship are cradled
To often die in a day.

But of all the strangest friendships
Star Beach beheld that year,
The oddest was that of Hugh Leonard
And dainty Margery Spear.
He was a bachelor bookworm,
Reticent, sombre and gray;
She, a child in years and feeling,
And sweet as the buds of May.

A friend of this sage old fellow,
Jocosely remarked, and smiled,
That Hugh had escaped the ladies,
To be snared by a little child.
I think could this friend so faithful
Have witnessed with us a scene,
He would say he had lost his senses,
If not—what could it mean?

"Nurse says I may make you a visit,
If you'll tell me when I'm a bore,"
And Margery sprang from the window
Like a bird to the chamber-floor.
"You promised to show me the casket—
The beautiful box so rare!"
Hugh Leonard beamed down on the maiden,
Stroked softly her golden hair,

Then took from a bracket foreign,
An exquisite case and key;
"Outside you will find more beauty
Than within the box," said he.
"So prepare for a disappointment!"—
Here the lid flew open wide,
And Margery's glance caught glimpses,
Then shyly drew aside.

"My bachelor treasures are homely,
Plain tokens of youthful days;
But they are still links of silver
To which I am bound always.
You wonder what magic lingers
In a knot of this simple blue;
It is certainly not in its fashion,
Nor is it because of its hue,

"Which matched so well with the color
Of an eye very like your own,
And graced a throat that was perfect,
Ay, perfect as ever was shown.
What say you now? Tell me further?—
Alas! There is little to tell,
A sweet friend of this was the owner—
She gave it with her farewell.

"Not bright was my youth and childhood;
I was only an orphan boy;
And soon I discovered the sunshine,
The deep and the exquisite joy—
In the love of this girl so gentle,
Who filled all my waste of youth,
Making sweeter the whole world around her
By her charming grace and truth.

"It is little of joy I can render,
In recalling a bitter past:
Let us fasten the lid close over,
And our faces may brighten fast."

"But I wanted to ask, if you please, sir,
Did the lovely lady die?
Or"—here Margery paused, soft blushing,
Her tone and her glance so shy

That Hugh translated the question,
While it trembled upon her lips,
And answered, "Not death, my darling,
But absence, was the eclipse
Which darkened my life. I had nothing;
Her parents had wealth and pride—
So, you see, little Margery, the chasm
That lay between us, was wide.

"Though poor, I had pride and honor,
And so we drifted apart:
She was sent to a school o'er the ocean,
And I, with a pain at my heart,
Grasped tighter life's duties and burdens,
Resolved I would conquer or die;
And that's all," Hugh smilingly added, —
A smile that strangled a sigh.

"But the lady," in ardor persistent
Asked Margery, "what of her fate?"

"I have heard the story from rumor,
Though nothing of recent date, —
That she married the choice of her father —
I hope 'twas her own as well —
I have heard he was old and a miser,
And that is all I can tell.

"Has the box still a charm worth tracing,
My fair and inquisitive girl?
There's nothing but sadness remaining,
In faded paper and curl.

What have you there that surprises?
Ah, my precious coin, I see:
The silver piece Corinne severed,
Kept half, and gave half to me.

"This was the first gift she gave me,
The last I told you about:
Why, Margery, child! What's the matter?
Don't hesitate, — pray, speak out.
What do I hear? That your mother
Has the very mate to this?
That her name was Corinne Sulzer
Ere she married so amiss!

"What fortunate folly was it
That this page in life revealed? —
Though your mother was known as a widow
And her coming never concealed.
Ah, how very much you are like her! —
Your eyes, your sunny hair —
And I know at last, my darling,
How you won me unaware."

Star Beach, but two weeks later,
Unwisely shook its head
At the whim of Margery's mother,
A lady of fame wide spread.
They could bow to her plethoric riches,
To her beauty, wit and grace,
But not quite forgive Hugh Leonard
For outstripping all in the race!

And this was the Star Beach idyl,
One of absence, pain and wrong,
All repaid in sweet reunion
Of those who had waited long.
And fair Margery — though no husband
Had come from the ocean caves,
Found the dearest, best loved of fathers
By the side of the sad sea waves.

— Mrs. Sophie M. Damon.

"MIDNIGHT!—AND CORNWALLIS IS TAKEN!"

It is often the case with nations and causes, as with individuals and the natural world from which the simile is taken—that "the darkest hour is just before day." Seldom has this truth been more clearly demonstrated, in the whole history of the contending world, than in the situation of the American colonies during the few months preceding the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in Virginia, and in the effect on the public mind produced by that surrender, of which the graphic picture, of the above name, from the facile pencil of John S. Davis, is a worthy and striking illustration. To the close student of history, there appears to have been, in the circumstances of the patriots at just before this crowning success, very much of that exhaustion incident to the long struggle through which they had passed—very much of that cessation of success, if accompanied by no signal reverses, calculated to create the impression that the power of endurance was almost at its end; such as has been manifest in nearly every cause finally triumphant, in those hours immediately preceding the triumph, and when the opposing force was putting forth those efforts which seemed so fatally formidable though they eventually proved to be the last of which it was capable. During most of the war, the American patriots, though personally assisted by many foreigners of bravery and distinction, had themselves borne the brunt of the warlike work; but during the closing and supreme events of 1781, it must be owned that they owed more, in proportion to their own powers and successes, to the friendly aid of France, and to the French army and navy in co-operation with them, than they had owed at any previous point of the struggle. The hand of Providence is unerring, as his eye is unfailing in sight; were it not so, the circumstance of the French being at that special period in increased force at the side of the patriots, might be considered a mere accident of fortune. With that knowledge and that confidence in mind, the presence of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Lauzun, Dumas and other French officers, with their powerful contingent, can only be regarded as one of the early special providences vouchsafed by the ruler of nations to the cause of American liberty, never to be forgotten by those reaping after-benefits from it.

It will be remembered that Richmond had been burned by the revengeful traitor, Arnold, on the 5th of January of that year; that the Battle of the Cowpens, in Carolina, followed within twelve days there-

after, on the 17th of January; and that with the latter action had closed what could be called any series of positive victories on the part of the colonists. The Battle of Guilford Court House had followed, on the 15th of March; and only a single flash of success had since shown itself in any action—that at Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September. New York was held by the British, as it had been from the fatal reverses so close following the Declaration of Independence, in the summer of 1776; and the plans formed by Washington for attacking it, early in that autumn, had been abandoned, from a succession of circumstances sufficient to discourage even the calm and patient Fabian commander. Almost at the same moment the commander-in-chief had learned of the reception of heavy reinforcements by Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, enabling that general to countermand his earlier orders to Lord Cornwallis to send a portion of his army northward,—of the supposed intention of Count de Grasse to remain for the time in the West Indies with his fleet, instead of sailing for the Atlantic coast as had been expected and intended,—and of the watchfulness of Clinton, apparently fully informed of his earlier intention, rendering even any partial surprise in that quarter impossible. Meanwhile, the resources of the colonists were dwindling; and it must be stated that the spirits even of the patriotic were falling—a certain amount of signal success, capable of the placard and the relation, being indispensable for the maintenance of any cause dependent upon the popular breath and popular action. Cornwallis had evacuated Portsmouth, in Virginia, early in September, taking possession of Gloucester Point and Yorktown, and strongly fortifying himself in both the latter places, especially the last mentioned. Lafayette, with a respectable force, lay very near the new British positions, but lacking strength to attack them, and indeed with any attack rendered madness while the enemy held command of Chesapeake Bay and the coast. What prospect did there really appear to exist, that the British commander might not be able to winter at Yorktown, and still remain in the spring a formidable if not fatal antagonist?



NAVE.

Suddenly came the change, as come many of the most important changes in private or public history. Washington was advised, through Count de Barras, that Count de Grasse, after all, intended to sail from the West Indies for the Chesapeake, with some thirty sail of the line, on the 13th of August, expected to be off the coast in September, and must sail on return to the Southern station by the middle of October. What was to be done, in connection with his fleet, was to be done quickly; and no long time was consumed by Washington in deciding that he would,

with that aid, entrap and capture Cornwallis, and strike a blow at the British cause, difficult if not impossible of recovery. Quickly as the plan was formed, it was put in execution. De Grasse was waited for, off the coast, informed by Lafayette of the plans of Washington, and desired to block up the mouth of the York River, and to convey the land forces, commanded by the Marquis de St. Simon, to join those of Lafayette on the James. The invest-



BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

ment was immediate, determined and effectual; almost before Cornwallis comprehended his danger, it had closed around him so closely that he realized his only hope must lie in relief from Sir Henry Clinton, or escape into the Carolinas, or toward New York, both the latter being contemplated and one attempt foiled by the vigilance of Lafayette, while another was defeated by what appeared the special act of Providence.

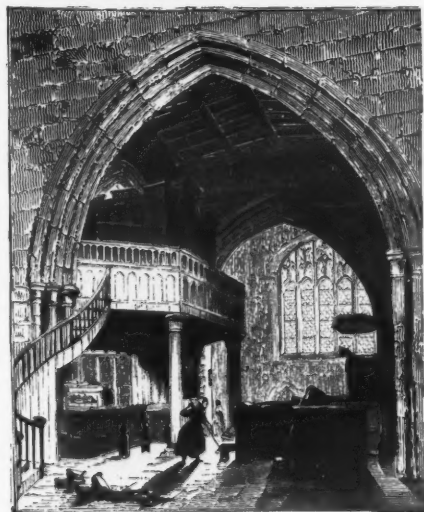
The actual investment took place early in September, the French fleet nobly co-operating by sea, as did the French forces by land. It grew yet closer and closer during the remainder of that month; and Yorktown became virtually untenable by the middle of October, after a considerable portion of the outer works had been stormed. The pressure at last became unendurable, and on the 17th of October Cornwallis desired a cessation of hostilities. On the 19th, the British land and naval forces made surrender, Washington and Rochambeau receiving it from General O'Hara, deputed by Cornwallis, suddenly (and conveniently) stricken with illness.

But there were no telegraphs in those days, and the success of the patriots was not known during its progress, until at culmination. Even then it became intelligence very slowly, and needed repetition before believed. The scene at Philadelphia, when the hard-riding messengers brought the news of the great victory to that city, at midnight of the 23d of October, was one long to be remembered, and one that our artist has nobly illustrated in honor of this special time. The watchman of the night blended ordinary and extraordinary information in the cry: "Midnight!—and Cornwallis is taken!" and the rest of the scene, of opened windows, and of mouths and ears similarly opened, of doubts and fears, and then of the most pronounced rejoicing, may well task the pencil of the artist and make only less troublesome calls upon the most fertile imagination. Disaster had been feared; victory had been only partially hoped for; what marvel that the announcement of the tremendous and fortunate blow which virtually ended the War of the Revolution, was one to addle all heads, to set all tongues in commotion, and for the time literally to make a staid and respectable city one general bedlam?

BANGOR CATHEDRAL.

THE very old Cathedral of Bangor is situated in Caernarvonshire, North Wales, near the Menai Strait and the British Channel, and not far from Conway, Llandudno, and other places of popular travel and health resort, on the line between Chester and Holyhead, supplying the great royal mail route to Ireland. The town of Bangor, itself very old, lies not far from the northern foot of the picturesque Caernarvon Mountains, and has many points of antique and rural beauty, as well as much of historical interest, besides being within close reach of so many other places of note, connected with the prosperous present or stormy past of Wales. The celebrated Penmaen Maur, the last of the Caernarvonshire range, crowned with a castle of gray antiquity and much grace, is passed not long before reaching Bangor from Conway; and one of the largest railway tunnels in Great Britain, no less than 3,000 feet in extent, is passed on the same route and in near proximity to the town.

In foundations, Bangor Cathedral may claim antiquity beside most of those in the kingdom, and in advance of many, it having been first erected by St. Deiniol in A. D. 550. The first building, however, is reported to have been burned by that arch-rebel and iconoclast, Owen Glendower; and the present edifice, which really looks old enough to have dated from the flood, is said to have only an antiquity reaching back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the erection up to that time having been only a temporary one, after the destruction by Glendower, following an earlier ruin by the Anglo-Normans, in 1071. The choir, in its present shape, is said to have been rebuilt in the time of Henry VII., and the tower and nave were added in 1532. The structure is one of the smaller, though not the smallest, of the great religious houses of Great Britain; but it boasts a massive solidity entitling it to close observation as it assures its permanence. The whole erection is 214 feet in length, with the moderate width of 60 feet; the tower is only of diminutive height, but accords well with the general appearance of the main building. If the cathedral is not of so great an age as some of its compeers, the



SOUTH TRANSEPT.

bishopric claims to be the oldest in Wales; and two of the elder Welsh princes are entombed in the structure, giving it the requisite royal flavor to balance the ecclesiastical. Our views convey an excellent idea of the turreted and pinnacled tower, with the massive buttresses supporting the sides of the gracefully heavy architecture of the nave, and of the transept with its stair winding to the gallery, the antique pulpit with its sounding-board, and the great window terminating the view, and affording one of the allowable prides of the whole.

MUSIC.

ON MUSICAL GENIUSES.

THERE is a fallacy very common to the youth of our land, that genius alone is essential to success. Let them get the notion that they have a peculiar ability, musical or artistic, and they will lie supinely on their backs and await the divine inspiration to develop their talent. The world is full of prodigies at eight years of age, who are never heard of afterward. They lack the divine incentive of industry, and their energies are exhausted before they fairly enter upon a career of lasting fame. We have no doubt that many very clever artists have been lost to the world because of their false education. They have read of the wonderful precocity of Mozart, Beethoven, and others. They have felt the inspiration of genius at an age almost as early as they. They have essayed performance and composition at immature years. Because they have not succeeded and made an impression, they have been discouraged and laid down the pen altogether.

It has occurred to us that it may not be unprofitable to relate the career of the great geniuses in music, that the rising enthusiast may see what trials the noblest musicians have had to overcome, and with what indomitable industry they have conquered the obstacles to their permanent musical fame.

We need not go back of John Sebastian Bach for examples to substantiate our arguments. At the death of his father, his mother being already dead, he was placed in charge of an elder brother, an organist, who gave him lessons on the clavier. The supply of music accorded him was soon exhausted, and Bach began to look for new fields to conquer. He knew that his uncle had compositions of Froberger, Fischer, John Gaspar, Kerl, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Bruhn, etc., in his possession, and he determined to secure them. He knew the cupboard in which they were concealed. He stole his little hand into the aperture he could make by expanding the door. He drew out the manuscripts, and spent six months in copying them, using only the moonlight nights in lieu of the candles which he was unable to purchase. When it was all done, his uncle found it out and deprived him of his work. After this he became a treble singer in a choir; but his voice was soon lost, and this resource failed him. But he was in no degree discouraged. He pursued the study of the organ with increased vigor. In 1703, when eighteen years old, he became court musician at Weimar. In the following year he was organist at Arnstadt. From this time he studied most assiduously all the prominent organ works, and the chief treatises on musical composition. The most earnest labor was bestowed, and from morning to night the utmost industry characterized his movements.

To follow the details of his career in this article would be impracticable. His genius was backed by a most wonderful industry, and at his death he left a larger number of finished compositions than has any other author. His works comprise over two hundred for the organ, as many for the clavier, thirty for the orchestra, almost as many for clavier and orchestra, some two hundred and fifty great vocal works, masses, passions, magnificats, anthems, and cantatas. Bach's genius no one will question. His industry gave to his genius immortality.

George Frederick Handel had the misfortune to be born in an age when music was regarded as an effeminate accomplishment and unworthy of manhood. His father was a surgeon, and destined the son for the law. Despite this, the young George learned to play the harpsichord in secret, and his father perceiving the bent of his genius, secured for him a competent teacher. At nine years of age he composed and officiated at the organ. He applied himself most assiduously to his studies, meantime, and in harmony and execution worked unremittingly. Such is the testimony of his biographers. This habit of industry never deserted him. His pen was never idle. Forty-four operas, some fifteen oratorios, and numerous cantatas, concertos, fugues, and minor compositions attest his unremitting industry. "The Messiah," on which his greatest fame will rest, was composed in the short space of twenty-one days. His complete works comprise fifty folio volumes. The great labor required to produce these must convince the musical prodigy of to-day that no great results can be attained without indomitable industry.

Glück, the reformer of the opera, was an orphan at an early age. His father's death left him to his own resources. His talent for music induced him to earn his livelihood as an itinerant musician. At Vienna his ability attracted attention, and he was assisted to an education. In 1741 Glück composed "Artaserse," relying entirely upon his own ideas in its composition. Then followed a number of operas, in quick succession, exhibiting the utmost industry. "Demetrio," "Ipermene," "Artamene," "Alessandro nell'Indie," "Demofonte," "Siface," "Phædra," and many others, long since forgotten, were produced. He wrote more than three hundred operas before his arrival in Paris to contest the palm with Piccini. Then was commenced a musical war which raged with great fury. The musical circles of Paris were thoroughly divided. "Iphigenia in Aulis," "Orfeo ed Eurydice," "Alceste," and "Armida," were composed and presented during this contest.

The success attained by Glück is due to his indomitable energy and industry. He was a prodigy of genius, but his influence on the opera of to-day would never have been felt had he not carried out his own ideas—the inspiration of genius—by the most persistent and unremitting labor.

Haydn is regarded by some German writers as the "veritable originator of German instrumental music." He was the eldest of fourteen children—a liberal legacy to poor parents. Until his ninth year he was under the severe musical training of a relative. Then he was sent to Vienna as a chorister, where he had a better practical education. At seventeen his voice broke and he was dismissed. Then followed ten years of poverty and hardship. Scanty earnings from teachings and performances with small bands of music afforded him a bare subsistence. Some publications during this period attracted the attention of Prince Esterházy, of Hungary, who appointed him chapel-master, which position he held for thirty years. As conductor of the choir, opera and orchestra, he composed, during this period, over two hundred symphonies and quartets, twenty-four concertos and as many trios, fourteen Italian and five German operas, fifteen masses, an oratorio ("Il ritorno di Tobia"), over four hundred dances, and one

hundred and sixty-three pieces for the baryton, an instrument similar to the violoncello and a particular favorite of the prince. At the death of the latter, Haydn was nearly sixty years of age, and was then induced to go to London to give concerts. He remained a year and a half, and, after an interval of two years, he again returned for three years. Nor, at this advanced age, was he at all idle. He wrote, besides a number of smaller compositions, six quartets, and the twelve symphonies most frequently played in this country. After 1795 he returned to Vienna, and in the comfortable retirement of old age, composed "The Creation" and "The Seasons," the works on which rests his undying fame. Thus was passed a long life in unceasing activity, crowned near its close with two musical creations which will live forever.

Mozart was a musical prodigy. Without reference to much concerning his early precocity, which is doubtless traditional, it is true that at six years of age he made professional tours with his father, who was vice-chapel-master to the Archbishop of Salzburg. His sister, five years older, was also similarly gifted, and for four years Munich, Vienna, Paris, and London rang with the praises of the infant prodigies. Three years were then spent at Salzburg in close study of musical composition: and at thirteen years of age his productions attracted marked attention and praise. In 1782, he wrote to a friend: "Altogether, I am so hardly worked, I don't know what I am about. The entire forenoon until two o'clock is occupied in giving lessons; afterward we dine. After dinner, I must allow my poor stomach a little time to digest; there remains only the evening when I can attempt to write, and that not always, for I am frequently obliged to attend the public concerts." Mozart died in his thirty-seventh year. "With the exception of Fr. Schubert," says a distinguished critic, "no other great musician has manifested such extraordinary facility and fertility of production as Mozart, whose autograph catalogue, during the last few years of his life, exhibits an average of three compositions per month."

Beethoven was the son of a tenor singer, of intemperate habits, in the Elector of Cologne's private chapel. He was a precocious boy of eleven when Mozart, then thirty years of age, commended his improvisations and remarked to the bystanders, "Mark this young man; he will make a name for himself some day." He had then already written three sonatas, a "variation" on a march, and several songs. He studied later under Haydn and Albrechtsberger, and in 1795 appeared three trios and three sonatas which at once placed him in the first rank. As early as 1797, he was afflicted with deafness, and to such a degree that "at a little distance," as he himself wrote, "I am unable to distinguish the high notes of the instruments." An unfortunate passion for the Countess Julia Guicciardi, whom he could not marry on account of their difference in rank, intensified his sufferings. In a letter in which he speaks of this love, he says: "You can hardly imagine how forlorn and desolate my life has been for the last two years; wherever I went my deafness seemed like a spectre, and I shrank from society and appeared as though I were a misanthrope, which indeed I am far from being." His love for his art alone kept him from self-destruction. "Oh! it seemed impossible to me," he writes, "to leave the world before I had completed all I felt myself inspired to do." Although almost stone deaf after 1816, he continued to create his master-works until death released him in 1827.

We shall close our citations with Franz Schubert, who, born at Vienna in 1797, died at the age of thirty-one. Gifted in a remarkable degree, especially with the spirit of song, he speedily attained great fame: and he worked as if with a premonition that his life was to be short. Besides "The Erl King," "The Wanderer," "Lob der Thranen," "Suleika," etc., he left two collections, entitled "Die Schöne Müllerin," and "Winterreise," each containing forty-four songs. Another collection, entitled "Schwanengesang," contains his latest and best-known songs, "Standeschen," "Das Fischermädchen," "Am Meer," etc. Besides these he wrote many part-songs, numerous piano-forte pieces, the great symphony in C major, some twenty, mostly unfinished operas, vaudevilles and melodramas, very many sacred compositions, including masses, oratorios and hymns, and a great collection of unfinished compositions which were found after his death. This was accomplished only by daily and continuous work.

And this, in brief, is the secret of success in any pursuit. Genius without industry is a ship without a rudder, a boiler without water or fire. The youth who thinks he has genius and does not feel an inspiration for work had better fold his talent in a napkin and get an easy clerkship.

DRAMA.

"OUR BOYS," AT FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

"OUR BOYS," comedy of English life, by Mr. Henry J. Byron, produced at near the close of September, at Mr. Daly's "society-house," is much better worthy the three hundred nights of run which it has lately perfected in London, and the "row" which it has raised in the courts of this city, as between Managers Wallack and Daly,—than are most modern successes of the peculiar positions which they achieve, in a day when success oftener means appeal to the more doubtful tastes, than the reverse. Nothing purer in every regard, as to plot, dialogue and management, can well be conceived, than this comedy, which, while not amenable to the charge of being modeled upon any one of the plays of the late Mr. Robertson, could no more have come into existence without his previous originations of "Ours," "Caste," and the other admirable comedies of his peculiar school, than sunrise could arrive without daybreak, or any one of a dozen familiar processes reach perfection in default of long preparation and occasional failure. "Our Boys" is decidedly and pleasingly a comedy of the Robertsonian school—a feature by no means ascribed to it with any intention of belittling, but as recognizing the fact that new schools arise in the art of dramatic composition, as in other literary walks and indeed in every department of art, and that the world is not the poorer, but the richer, for occasional hints borrowed from an excellent model.

"Our Boys" has wondrously little action—none, indeed, beyond the coming home of two young men from a continental tour, their reception by parents and one additional relative, their successes and failures in love-making to a pair of pretty girls, eligible

and the reverse, from their positions as to fortune,—and a small amount of the garret business coming in naturally as a climax. There is scarcely a surprise in the whole comedy—scarcely what can be called a "situation," unless that can be reckoned one, in which the baronet surprises his son doing the amorous to the wrong cousin, or that in which the bonnet plays so conspicuous a part, elevated on the points of two walking-sticks held in widely differing hands. And yet it is full of action—that natural action which seems to belong to, and spring inevitably out of, the real life of every day, granted the country, the habits, and the cast of character. The stage seems always filled, with a smaller number of persons than we remember to have made up the *dramatis personæ* of any important play within a long period; and the action—with perhaps an exception or two in the closing act—seems to follow the events gone before, with the propriety and almost the inevitability of a series of foregone conclusions from the preceding. To this must be added the high praise of the dialogue being witty after the manner of persons in real life—not filled with sparkles of the impossible, as is the case with so many of the best-known and most vital stage favorites. Well undoubtedly for himself and his reputation, and certainly well for those who seek to derive instruction and amusement from his work, Mr. Byron, after a considerable number of those transgressions of both probability and good taste for the sake of producing a momentary sensation, probably, for a certain period inevitable with those who have at command the power of tempting play on words—seems at last to have come to that ripening in which the proprieties and the probabilities combine with natural keenness in moulding the dialogue; and there is just enough of real-life repartee exhibited, to season and spice the whole without suggesting effort or overstraining.

In the character sketching of this comedy, there is marvelously little of caricature, all things considered, and especially considered the effects necessary. *Sir Geoffrey Champneys*, the victim of a propensity to blue blood, and the doting father of a young man who really amounts to little more than would any one of a score picked up in the first ball-room, at random,—is scarcely an exaggeration of the living possibility, much less a caricature. *Perkyn Middlewick*, the retired butter-man, is common and unlearned without being gross or vulgar—no easy task, by the way, in the hands of the ordinary dramatist, who would probably have punned upon his Christian name after choosing it, and called him "Firkyn." *Talbot Champneys* is nearer to an exaggeration than any of the others, and yet easily to be duplicated, in his partial stupidity, in the book of landed gentry, as well as outside of it, though there might be more difficulty in discovering the prototype who eventually "comes out" so well and creditably. *Charles Middlewick* is simply a clever young man, with good principles, and the usual propensity to jealousy on occasion—nothing less or more. *Violet Melrose* is a rather pleasing female prig; and the world, it is to be feared, or hoped, has no small number of her prototypes. *Mary Melrose* is a very charming hoyden, halting before reaching the verge of the tomboy; and most of us have seen her off the stage, on either side of the Atlantic, and have been more or less ensnared by her. *Miss Champneys* is the odd and benevolent old maid, of the world as well as the stage: who does not number her among his list of acquaintances if they reach a score or two? And *Belinda*, the "slavey"—there is only this to be said of her, that she blends recollections of the Marchioness, and other similar creations of Dickens, with the brilliantly slovenly reality existing in a thousand London lodgings, at any given period of the century. Of the only two remaining characters, the servants at the two houses, there is nothing to be said as to character, though they are well enough played by Mr. Deveau and Mr. Beekman.

Of the rendering of the main characters, it is pleasant to be able to record approbation and that only. Mr. Charles Fisher is well in place as *Sir Geoffrey*, as all those who know him in other rôles can readily believe. In most regards of appearance, action and dialogue, he might be the baronet himself; and no higher praise need be awarded. Much higher praise, however, is due to Mr. James Lewis for his *Middlewick*. It takes rank with the very best character-playing of the day, or indeed of any day. It is by turns very droll and touching in its rude simplicity—all that the author could have intended, and even something more, that indefinable "something" that approaches genius if it does not reach it, and lingers in the memory like a pleasing strain of music or an unexpectedly fine bit of landscape; and this assumption has not been dwarfed, let us say, by the very forcible rendering of the same character, later, by Mr. Brougham. Mr. Maurice Barrymore does not create any assured sensation, in the earlier parts of his *Talbot Champneys*, but emerges into a better light as the rôle progresses, and becomes natural and pleasing before the close. Mr. Harkins, who looks *Charles* altogether too maturely, does away with that impression before the first act closes, and thenceforward carries the sympathies of the audience with him. Mrs. Gilbert is at her very best in *Miss Champneys*, and that is saying much: few finer renderings of the odd, sympathetic old maid come into recollection. We have already designated *Mary Melrose* as a hoyden: Miss Fanny Davenport gives the character its full development—perhaps a shade overdoes it, natural tendency to the *riant* combining with the exigencies of the rôle to tempt in that direction. Later, this part has been well sustained by Miss May Nunez. Miss Jeffreys Lewis should have been measured for *Violet*, already designated as a sort of female prig: surely no other lady on the stage can be so stiff in the carriage of her undoubted female loveliness. The character is well suited, in this instance, and beyond that point we have no occasion to go. Miss Sidney Cowell honors the blood of which she comes, and equals almost any other rendering that we have known, of the same line of character, the observant, saucy, sloven servant, in *Belinda*, and promises a very successful low-comedy future.

We have indicated a highly enjoyable performance, in play and action: few productions of the last decade, if any, have given more genuine pleasure. And for this, in part, neither play nor action can claim quite all the credit. Mr. Daly, who always produces liberally and well, has equalled his best in this instance. There are literally no better set-scenes than those of *Middlewick's* Country-House and the Drawing-Room at Sir Geoffrey's. The whole production, in point of fact, has been unexceptionable; and it is pleasant to be able additionally to record that its reception has been most favorable—well attended, and enthusiastic in the appreciation displayed—as such a production most signally deserved.

ART.

CONSTANT MAYER'S "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

It is recorded that once upon a time a youthful lady, sick of the world and damaged in the region of what she believed her tenderest affections, resolved upon suicide as the most satisfactory mode of cutting a knot whose tanglements went beyond her skill in unloosing, and took her way to the water-side with the intention of carrying out that more or less laudable purpose, and fitting herself for discovery as a moist body, and for the coroner's examination likely to result from that proceeding. But the water-side to which she went was that of no purling stream, soothing with its murmur and wooing with its freshness; but the top of a wharf, below which flowed a tide charged with all the impurities of a great city, and foul and dingy enough to have been undisturbed since the rush of waters of the Flood. The youthful lady, coming to the verge of this Stygian stream, and with arms upraised ready for the plunge, looked below and remained in that position without leaping. Then she lowered her arms, gave one shudder of disgust at the quality of the water (none at the crime against herself which she had contemplated), abandoned the idea of drowning in any such mud-hole as that, and went home to her supper and to whatever else might remain in a life which she had come to consider more endurable than any such exit as that river would involve.

The application of all this to the picture above named, will need a few more words to make itself apparent; and those words will convey a very warm commendation of the taste of Mr. Constant Mayer, precedent to that which may be bestowed upon his artistic talent. When Hood wrote the "Song of the Shirt," no doubt he thoroughly understood the clientele with which he had to deal, as well as the subject he was required to handle; and no doubt the wondrous poem would have failed of the great effect it has produced in the world, had he not embodied in it the "woman clothed in unwomanly rags," and made us aware of the existence of sisters gone far beyond all the graces as well as all the amenities of womanhood. His poem, between the covers of a book, or issuing from the lips of a reader, is simply perfection for its purpose: no one could desire to change a figure or a word of it. But there has always existed a certain difficulty in embodying that image upon canvas: the very effort to make the picture capable of strongly appealing to the senses, removing the subject of it from those possibilities of love which are so necessary in exciting the forcible sentiment of pity, and putting her, so to speak, beyond the pale of the ordinary observer discovering any capabilities still existing in her, for removal from that painful sphere, and elevation to the atmosphere of beauty, love and happiness. No small proportion of those who have read or listened to that poem, while confessing its wonderful strength and its incisive sympathy with the trials and sufferings of the world's overworked needle-women, have at the same time turned away from the subject with a certain repulsion, similar to that of the young lady who deferred her drowning, — and wished that there had been more therein appealing to the possibilities of tenderness, instead of all that involved what may be called arms-length pity for the object and reprobation of the cruelty of her taskmasters.

Mr. Mayer, the painter of so many previous good pictures, and in his line one of the first artists of his time in America — Mr. Mayer, in devising the "Song of the Shirt," has not only embodied materially the spirit of Hood's poem, but he has also embodied the feeling of which we have spoken at length, and chosen to sacrifice something of the painful in the reality, to the alternative possibilities of the lovable. He has not painted the needle-woman in "unwomanly rags," but in that plain, neat dress of common working life, which the needle-woman will somehow manage to preserve in its integrity and cleanliness, unless she has fallen very far lower in the scale than we often contemplate her, even with the poem in mind. Neither is there any abject misery in her surroundings. The bare rafters show her occupation of the very top of the dwelling, as does the outlook over the roofs of the city (those roofs, by the way, a trifle too liberally pointed for anywhere else than London in the olden time, or some of the French or German cities in the present); but the breakages in the wall are scarcely observable, and all the other accessories — the table, the candlestick with its burned-out candle, the emptied spool, etc. — all these have a neatness not in keeping with the belongings of the very miserable. Nothing, here, to prevent pity entering, and nothing to induce that pity, when it enters, to draw back with any shudder of repulsion.

So much, however briefly, of the surroundings. In the single figure of the picture, the same feeling on the part of the artist has been manifested, with results eminently pleasing to all observers except those who insist upon the harrowing as a necessary part of the lessons of life. No wrinkled crone, here, beyond the years and the possibilities of human love; no consumptive girl, bending over her labor in the exhaustion of fell disease and the certainty of a speedy death. A tall, well-figured girl of twenty to twenty-five, sits at her table, in the early morning light (the time well shown by the gleam of golden sunrise in the east), sewing on that article of male apparel which has been innocently made responsible for so much of female misery. Sewing, did we say? — not so: for the instant she is not sewing. Her right hand, carrying the thread, is at that poise when it has achieved the full extent of reach, and there it has stopped and is held moveless for the instant, while the sewer is too much absorbed in thought, even for that slight mechanical motion. A shapely head, with dark hair framed in a kerchief thrown around it and knotted at the chin, surmounts a figure only a little thinned and hardened by her toil, and almost queenly in its stature and capacities. The face, only a little wan and worn, is marvelously sweet, even now, and might be made, oh, how attractive, with better food and less wasting toil! And the soft dark eyes, full of untold capacities of love and happiness, are shrouded in that indefinable mist of expression — that dreamy outlook upon no special object but into the unknown and troubled future — which many picture-fanciers will remember as having been so wondrously shown in one of the pictures in the old Dusseldorf Gallery, the "Charles II. fleeing from the Battle of Worcester." Overworked and weary, certainly, this girl, but lovely beyond question, and so a great triumph of art in being capable of evoking the wish to take her away from those humble

surroundings, to brighten the fine eyes and flush the sweet cheeks with love and happiness.

Possibly, to many, the whole story of the "Song of the Shirt" is not told in this picture; to us it is better and more feelingly told, in a guise making it fit for reproduction in the best shapes, and for hanging upon walls where the painful original could not find place, than we have ever before known it to be told by any artist. Consequently, in the widening of the possibilities of the theme, and the increased opportunities for commending it to the attention of those who must be depended upon to do the true work of ameliorating the condition of the working-woman, it is only second to the poem itself in the power of teaching a needed lesson to humanity. In color and management, meanwhile, it is among the very best works yet produced by this artist. Something of the cool gray of his favorite tones overspreads all the picture-left; but various shades of blue, the reverse of stormy or obtrusive, are brought into the management of the morning sky, the distant roofs, and all the general effect of the picture-right; and in the figure of the girl, occupying nearly the centre, some soft, warm browns have been thrown in with great skill and delicacy. There is only a single flush of light in the whole — the glimmering belt of morning in the far-away sky; and one instant's covering of that belt with the hand or any object, will show how well-judged its introduction has been — how indispensable, indeed, it is as a relief. Taken as a whole, the conception is excellent, from the point of view upon which we have enlarged at length — the drawing is thoroughly careful — the accessories are painted with rare fidelity — and the color, though low in tone, is so generally pleasing that we should be pained to see a single "last touch" allowed to disturb the balance. Unquestionably, Mr. Mayer has painted, in the "Song of the Shirt," one of his very best pictures, and illustrated one of the finest poems of the language with infinitely greater faithfulness than he would have shown by slavish adherence to its technicalities.

LITERATURE.

MR. OSCAR H. HARPEL, poet and printer, of Cincinnati, has been for many months busied upon a volume to be known as the "Poets and Poetry of Printers" (who else than an author with the audacious practicality of the profession, would have coined that concluding word and used it with such prominence?); and much curiosity has been excited, in advance of its appearance, to know, 1st, how a printer, dealing with printers, would present them to the world, typographically; and, 2d, how he would be able to deal with the mass of materials, good, bad and indifferent, necessarily lying ready to his hand. The volume is now before us, and it is pleasant to say that upon both points the reading-world is likely to be satisfied. As a matter of book-production, much may be said in its praise. Heavy and fine violet-tinted paper, evidently manufactured for the occasion, is honored with typography so generally excellent that even THE ALDINE can afford to bestow full approbation upon it; and if the cutting of some of the portraits is below THE ALDINE standard, they have at least the recommendation of being generally excellent as portraits. Printers will differ as to the taste of employing so much ornamental bordering throughout the book; but there can be no difference of opinion as to the skill displayed in their use.

As a compilation of the poems of printers, justice to Mr. Harpel demands the explanation that this is one of two "Groups," the second to follow at no distant day, so that the omitted may yet hope to find recollection and place. Something of favoritism toward certain members of the craft was to be expected, and no doubt such favoritism will be charged by those whose favorites are reduced to briefer limits than they would have wished. But as a whole the selections seem to have been made with excellent taste and judgment; and a great and meritorious work has been done in rescuing from comparative obscurity, and the chance for total loss, of many poems at once honoring the muse and the profession. Among the really admirable portraits, as reminders of personality and some of them artistically, are those of Horace Greeley, Montgomery Huntington Cobb, Dr. W. H. Egle, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, Zelotes R. Bennett, Benjamin P. Shillaber, Will Carleton, Bayard Taylor, etc.; and among the poems, many of which ring through the recollection without our being always able to remember the accredited origin, are Horace Greeley's "One Thousand Ems" and "Darkness over Earth;" M. H. Cobb's "What Cheer?" and "The world would be the better for it;" John Hickey's "When I am dead;" Edward A. Jenks' "Helene" and "Going and Coming;" William Ward's "Blue and Gray;" Hugh F. McDermott's "Years of Long Ago;" Z. R. Bennett's "October;" Luther G. Riggs' "Be true to thy trust;" Dr. Egle's "Enchanted Land;" Henry Ward's "Tell me, ye winged winds," and "I would not live away;" Anne F. K. Bradley's "Which?" J. J. Roche's "Missing Link" and "The Pre-Adamite;" A. A. Hopkins' "Song of the Printing-Press;" Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket;" Will Carleton's "Waitin' to be a bride," "John Chinaman is coming," etc.; Shillaber's "Love of the Old," "Hope," "Music of the Flail," etc.; Lucy Larcom's "Hannah Binding Shoes," "Three Old Saws," etc.; Charles G. Halpine's "Hymn to the Types," "Lost Chieftain," etc.; Dr. J. G. Holland's "Sleeping and Dreaming," "Where shall the baby's dimple be?" "Daniel Gray," etc.; O. H. Harpel's "Bringing Home the Cows," "Haunted Cobbler," etc.; James Smith's "Wee Cocklelorum," "Burd Ailie," etc.; Thomas Mackellar's "Taking of the Child," "Let me kiss him for his mother," etc.; Bayard Taylor's "Fight of El Paso," "Arab Warrior," etc.; Mrs. S. C. Mayo's "Prayer at Night," etc.

It was the habit of the French National Assembly, when they did not decide to guillotine a certain person in command, generally to pass a vote that he had "deserved well of the republic;" let the typographical world vote, *nem. con.*, that Mr. Harpel has "deserved well of the republic of letters."

"Wildmoor," by Florence Burckett, long enough issued from the press of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to have already excited some favorable and some very unfair and belittling comment from the critical press, is one of those novels the status of which in the mind of the reader will be very materially determined by two questions of characteristic in that special mind. 1st, Does

that reader admire, tolerate, or seriously object to the journalistic style of novel-writing? 2d, Does that reader admit or deny the possibility of one novel being original in general character, and thus having that element of pleasing in commanding force, at the same time that it reminds of another irresistibly and throughout? For, with the single exception of an affectionate dedication to the Southern poetess, Mrs. Anna Peyre Dinnies, the entire contents of the book are a series of journalistic jottings, from different hands, though heavily preponderating in favor of the heroine, with the next place filled by him who turns out to be the hero, and the third and last by a sister of the hero. It needs scarcely to be said that these three journals are made to contain precisely what journals, when they are kept at all, do not contain, and what they never will contain, in any community other than one of lunatics, until the day when people cease to believe in the possibility of accidents and lose all objection to their most secret thoughts being spread on retentive and revealing paper. And, with reference to the second point, it is simply impossible to read the work without being reminded, at every other page, of "Jane Eyre," the heroine, Hope Vairin, though much handsomer, being very like the little girl of the Yorkshire moors, in material, and Geoffrey Brent conveying an equally continuous suggestion of that most picturesque but very unlikely character, Fairfax Rochester. So much understood, let us say that the work has much power in narration, excellent feeling, and no small development of force in character-sketching, while there is a power of appreciation and description shown in the management of rural English scenes, awakening the warmest admiration for that phase of the writer's coincident ability and tendency. What the world of rapid readers will be most apt to complain of, is a certain mistiness or involvement of plot, which combines with the very large number of figures on the canvas to render the reading anything else than easy, and to make the retention of events difficult to the verge of impossibility. By far the best-drawn characters of the book are, naturally, the hero and heroine, already named, with a certain additional archness imparted to the latter by the *soubriquet* of "Fay;" but very close after them follow Miss Brent, the traditional old maid and home-angel; Maud Buddington, with her remarkable beauty and the blind tragedy of her later experience, — and Captain Mildmay, perhaps the most lovable character of the whole, with an end which would be cruel if it was not noble and had not an æsthetic necessity. Walter Brent has a certain picturesqueness, but he lacks force fully to assert himself in the grouping; and even more may be said of Vairin, the father, who approaches too near, in drawing, to the feebleness with which he is physically credited; while the very opposite must be the sensation with reference to the Honorable Mrs. Algernon, who creates a mental shiver whenever coming into the atmosphere of the reader, as she seems to have done in the more real life of the home. With Herbert Chester and his antipodes, Martin Cross, there might be more to do if the clouds had not been kept so close around both, in their widely different positions, as to make enough withdrawal to exhibit them to the general gaze, rather difficult than the reverse, with some uncertainty as to the success of the showman in the effort. The worst fault of this too-long and over-elaborate story, is the crowding of characters and the overlaying of minor incident and reflection which seem temperamental with the writer: its great charm (and it has certainly a great charm) consists in purity of style, obvious truth and orthodoxy of feeling, and absence of any unworthy or incongruous element.

"The Mills of the Gods," also from the press of Lippincott & Co., is in many regards the antipodes of the novel previously under notice, being much briefer, clear-cut as any cameo, and evidencing a habit of mind on the part of the writer, announced as Mrs. J. H. Twells, the exact reverse of that lately called in question, except in the single and gratifying regard of exquisite purity. The characters figuring are comparatively few in number, and those characters naturally stand out on the canvas with a force otherwise impossible. It will be said by many, that the unheroic hero, with the not very romantic name of Dyke Fawcett, is too close a grouping of vices without enough of virtues to keep them in balance, to belong to actual humanity; but the fact exists, we opine, that many a handsome and unscrupulous scoundrel of the type, with no God but self and no fear except of a possible abridgment of personal successes in the world, can be found in the midst of the fashionable life of either side of the Atlantic, without the aid of any lanterned or unlabeled Diogenes. And a Dyke Fawcett may well be allowed, when a Ronald Buchanan stands as his foil and as a pledge to mankind that there has been no average deterioration in the human race. We have the rare spectacle, too, in Sir Philip Standley, of a baronet who is to be "heired," and yet who is neither tyrant nor fool — simply a noble old gentleman, living in the sweet memory of a lost love, fulfilling his best instincts, and yet by no means to be trifled with by the inheritor of his love and expectant successor to his wealth. Still two more, on the male side, and lovable — Dick Ogilvie: something of a shadow, it is true, but worthy of his setting and his companions; while the possibilities of the American character abroad are nobly allowed in Percival Tyrrell, than whom a more endurable man-of-the-world does not often spring from any pencil. Few purer and yet more truly possible beings have been limned, than Dora Fairfax, side by side with whom gentle Agnes displays the noblest qualities of the self-sacrificing, and Anne Ogilvie supplies the third of a trio in itself sufficient to still the cavils of many a doubter as to the goodness and beauty of humanity. These, and the at least negative goodness of Lady Florence Ellesmere, are all necessary, indeed, when comes up in lurid glory Pauline, Marquise de Courbois, loving hotly as unholy, and keeping that watch for the death of an outworn husband which can enable her to wed her paramour, which crowns the possible of womanly turpitude. Though the characters are not many, we have by no means touched all of them, nor is such a course necessary. Another feature of the book, scarcely less important than character-sketching, demands notice — the intelligent, instructive and never pedantic allusions to places and countries, so well in place and always the reverse of obtrusive.

"THE ALDINE PRESS." — THE ALDINE COMPANY, Printers and Publishers, 18 and 20 Vesey Street, N. Y.